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NEW SCHOOL TIE
Special Supplement

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FREEDOM & JUSTICE IN GHANA

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The Real Issue at Brighton

Is there a new split in the Labour Party? Naturally enough, after the humiliating collapse at Gloucester, Conservative commentators are anxious for a diversion. They hope to find it in the present controversy about the true meaning of *Industry and Society*. They say that the former Bevanites are at odds with each other and with Mr Bevan; that some of the unions have fallen out with Mr Gaitskell; and that the constituency parties are in revolt against the National Executive. To cap this speculation, there are the warnings from some of Labour's 'candid friends' that any attempt by the conference to amend and improve the draft statement on public ownership will imperil both Labour's new-found unity and its electoral chances.

If this argument is accepted, then the Labour conference would have no other function than to endorse the tablets handed down from Transport House. But *Industry and Society* was issued as a draft for consideration by the party membership and the annual conference, and it is ludicrous to suggest that a document of such importance and, to judge from the differing interpretations placed upon it, such obscurity, should be swallowed entire as an act of faith.

The delegates to the Brighton conference must understand the issues before them. If the debate on principle is reduced to a petty squabble about individual reputations it will be worse than useless: a party loses the confidence of the electors if its leaders scramble for place and credit, not because it openly debates important questions of policy. And the crucial question here is whether Labour believes in a substantial extension of public ownership or not.

On a later page we publish an appraisal of *Industry and Society* by Mr Peter Shore, who has contributed a great deal to discussions of public ownership within the Labour movement. Mr Shore argues that what he calls 'nationalisation'—that is the technique of taking over a whole industry by means of a public corporation—is not the best method of dealing with the complex of large firms which dominate our economy; that to achieve effective planning as well as greater equality it will be necessary to take many of these firms into public ownership; and that this demands new and more flexible forms of socialisation. If *Industry and Society* said this in plain terms it would certainly be accepted at Brighton without much dissent.

But it does not say this. On the contrary it proposes, in the case of the large firms, to buy some of their shares sometime. It describes how the private shareholder has lost his functions—and it suggests that in some cases the state should replace him, equally without function. This point is not open to 'interpretation'. The document says that just as it is 'possible to control industry without owning it' so public ownership 'need not of itself call for the exercise of more control than is at present exercised by private shareholders'. And, a few pages later, the point is underlined. 'Under increasingly professional managements', it is said, 'large firms as a whole are serving the nation well': even if some shares are bought in these firms, 'we have, therefore, no intention of intervening in the management of any firm that is doing a good job'. Public ownership, it seems, apart from the renationalisation of steel and road haulage, is to be limited to haphazard purchase of equities for the advantage of their capital gains, to decrepit or otherwise inadequate enterprises, and to one or two as yet undefined 'competitive' projects.

Such vagueness is asking for trouble, not in the lifetime of the next Labour government, but here and now. It is not surprising that it has provoked demands for 'old-fashioned nationalisation' and for a 'shopping-list' of commitments. It would be a mistake, however, for those who suspect that *Industry and Society* is an evasion of commitments to reject all that is new and valuable in its appraisal of our economy. The real contradiction is not between the new analysis and the 'shopping-list', but between the new analysis and the timid conclusions that *Industry and Society* draws from it. Labour has to make up its mind whether it wants more or less public ownership: once that decision is made, the various techniques fall into their proper perspective. That is why the National Executive would be wise not to make this document a test of 'loyalty' as against 'disruption'. Last time it was so foolish it almost broke the party in half.

Comments on the Week's News

Adenauer's Vital Statistics

The results of the West German elections hold several lessons for Socialists. The attempt of the SPD to broaden their electoral support among the Catholic workers by presenting a liberal programme with virtually no Socialist content has proved a resounding failure. Except in the Hamburg Land, where the Demochristian share of the vote fell from 36.7 to 34.4 per cent., and in the Saar, where the SPD made big gains at the expense of Dr Schneider's Free Democrats, they won few votes from the parties to the right of them. Their total vote, it is true, rose by 1.6 million, but so did the total electorate – by 2.2 million. Moreover, the Socialist gains, in all probability, are accounted for mainly by a transfer of votes from the CP, which is now banned, and from Dr Heinemann's GVP (neutralist), which did not contest the election; these parties together received over 900,000 votes in 1953. Most disturbing of all, the SPD appears to have obtained only a small share of the five million young voters who voted in this election for the first time. By contrast, the Demochristians increased their total vote by 2.5 million, and made heavy gains in the western industrial areas, particularly in Rhine-Westphalia, where their percentage rose from 48.9 to 55.1. Their most spectacular success, however, was in Bavaria, where their share rose from 47.9 to 58.8 per cent.; and this result was obtained despite the Socialist alliance with the Bavarian Party on a notably right-wing platform. No doubt the almost universal conviction among German electors that they have 'never had it so good' was the principal cause of Adenauer's renewed mandate; and, not unnaturally, they rejected the opportunity to sample roughly the same economic policies under Socialist direction. Whether the German workers – who after all have received only a limited, if increasing, slice of the current prosperity – would respond to a more full-blooded Socialist programme is debatable; but the SPD's failure to attract 'the children of the miracle' does suggest that it would benefit from more idealism and rather less pragmatism – especially since its last claim to present a distinct alternative to the Adenauer policies (on reunification) has now been undermined by the renewed mood of intransigence in Moscow.

Lord Hailsham's Move

The Prime Minister's faith in gimmicks is well illustrated by his decision to appoint Lord Hailsham as chairman of the Conservative Party. Long before the Gloucester by-election it was clear that the party needed a shot in the arm; but the question was, what sort of shot? So far as one can judge, the Central Office organisation is already efficient, and the obvious malaise in the constituencies is due, not primarily to defects of local organisation, but to policy dilemmas. Rank-and-file Conservative opinion feels that the government is not being tough enough abroad, either in maintaining British 'possessions' or in standing up to the Americans. It also feels that it is not being tough enough at home with the trade unions. But the American alliance is the corner stone of the government's foreign policy, and toughness, of the Suez type, would both damage that and lose a substantial section of the floating middle-class vote. Toughness with the trade unions would please the middle class but would lose the working-class support, on which the Conservatives still depend at elections, and which Mr Macmillan needs now if his economic policy is not to collapse in total ruin. Lord Hailsham, with his capacity for infusing even the most commonplace utterances with burning faith and for blurting openly what many Conservatives feel, is just the man to revive Conservative enthusiasm in the constituencies without committing the Prime Minister to actions which might be electorally inexpedient. There is, however, a more important side to Lord Hailsham's promotion. As Minister of Education he accepted the block-grant policy with reluctance and publicly pledged himself to see that, despite it, educational services should not fall below a minimum standard. No one doubts that he meant what he said. But now he has been replaced by a gentle, inoffensive man from the political backwaters who can be trusted to accept anything he is told without protest. Just as Hailsham's transference from the Admiralty was one sign that the government wanted no unnecessary obstacle in the way of its plans to cut the navy, so his transference from the Ministry of Education suggests that it wants no obstacles to its plans to economise on schools.

A New French Crisis?

The proposed *loi cadre* for Algeria has already been rejected by the nationalists. This is not surprising. Although it envisages the eventual creation of an Algerian 'parliament' and 'executive', the powers reserved to the metropolitan government – which include foreign affairs, finance, defence and internal security – ensure that in all important respects the country's destinies will continue to be settled in Paris. Indeed, the preamble states specifically that Algeria is, and must always be, French – thus rejecting the central demand which the nationalists have always made as a pre-condition for negotiations. Nevertheless, the law is unlikely to pass the Assembly, at least in its present form. The right-wing opposition, led by André Morice, the Defence Minister, inside the Cabinet, and by M. Duchet, chairman of the Moderates, outside it, insist that there must be further guarantees against an eventual extension of the Algerian 'executive's' powers. They argue that the 'parliament' will be overwhelmingly nationalist – thus contradicting their claims that the rebels represent only a tiny minority – and that a future French assembly may well surrender to their demands – thus contradicting their claim that the French people are unanimously against a sell-out. As we went to press, M. Morice had already threatened his resignation, and M. Bourgès-Maunoury was desperately counting heads for the forthcoming debate. There is some evidence that, apart from their views on Algeria, many right-wing deputies are anxious to dispose of the present government, even though this would leave France leaderless during the crucial discussion of Algeria at the UN. The peasants are determined to 'get' Felix Gaillard, the Finance Minister; and the *patronat* wishes to oust M. Gazier, the Social Affairs Minister, before he can introduce his new bill on security of employment (his part of the bargain with Gaillard for accepting cuts in social credits). A powerful coalition of discontent is forming; for, though it is undoubtedly in the long-term interests of the right to keep Bourgès-Maunoury in power, it must be remembered that many of their leaders have not so much as smelt a ministerial portfolio for more than 18 months.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of A. J. P. Taylor
with drawing by VICKY

Wolfenden Re-visited
C. H. ROLPH

Shifting Sandys

Mr Sandys' utterances on his long and garrulous tour of British overseas bases grow curiouser and curiouser. He appears to be using his journey, which was supposed to provide him with information on how our conventional commitments could be cut down, as an opportunity for announcing piecemeal revisions of the Defence White Paper. In Canberra he informed us (a) that, in the event of nuclear war, only air bases in Britain would be defended, and, somewhat prematurely, congratulated the British people on the 'fortitude' with which they had accepted this decision (it was the first they had heard of it); and (b) that we were to go ahead with long- and medium-range missile development, thus showing either that the Bermuda agreement was worthless or that, in response to anguished cries from the British aircraft industry, he had found it convenient to forget about it. Now, in Singapore, he adds that Britain's principal defence effort will continue to be in conventional forces, thus contradicting the whole spirit of the White Paper. Granted the assumptions on which the White Paper was based (and this journal, like the Labour Party, found them fundamentally unsound), the policy it outlined was logical and coherent. But the combined opposition of industry and the chiefs of staff seems to have forced Mr Sandys to water it down to the point of meaninglessness. We are to continue to have a little bit of everything (including almost certainly conscription); and since the government is plainly unwilling to allow overall defence estimates to keep pace with rising costs, this means we shall have rather less than before, for approximately the same price.

Common Sense in Java

The reconciliation between President Sukarno and ex-Vice-President Hatta last week is more than a personal matter; it is a piece of common sense that should help to revive national unity. The personal rift between these two national leaders, as the National Consultative Conference in Djakarta admitted, adversely threatened the country's stability. The second outcome of the conference, attended by representatives of central and regional administrations, was a resolution on regional autonomy which will close the doors to separatism. Prime Minister Djuanda, a non-party man with no personal axe to grind, had visited every region, met the local people and the army leaders whose revolt was against the over-centralisation of Java, as well as a protest against corruption in high places. This autonomy resolution was

widely acclaimed in the press. The independent daily *Indonesia Raya* wrote: 'The key to the implementation of the discussions has not been found yet. It is the reunification of Sukarno and Hatta on a completely equal footing and the reintegration of the army'. The point that stands out in the confusion and complexity of Indonesian affairs is that the majority continue to vote for progress by constitutional means. This is not disproved by the votes won by the Communists in recent elections in Java where their support is strongest and their organisation good.

Mr Gethin and the Transport Chiefs

Mr Ernest Gethin comes a good deal better out of Sir Harold Howitt's inquiry into the purchasing procedure of the British Transport Commission than is immediately apparent from the main conclusions of this week's report. These can be summarised as finding that the four out of Mr Gethin's eight specific charges which were made public in the Commons were 'not well founded'; while the other four, which received less publicity, contained points of substance, though (Sir Harold concludes) there is no reason to think that the decisions made in these cases 'were in the circumstances incorrect'. These two categories of exoneration must, however, be balanced against Sir Harold's general comment on Mr Gethin's criticisms: 'I think some of these criticisms were sound, and I have no doubt that his point of view, whether or not pressed too far on occasion, was helpful, and has had its effect for good on the procedures of the Commission'. That surely is the point. Mr Gethin may have been wrong in some instances – though, as Sir Harold fairly observes, this is a matter of opinion and not of fact – and he may have gone too far in some of the sweeping allegations he made in public after leaving his official post with the Commission. But he certainly did the BTC a power of good; and it is due to him that the Commission has already revised some of its questionable purchasing procedures. Behind the particular allegations, however, there is a further story, not yet told, of friction and disagreement between Mr Gethin and the transport chiefs. The public would feel more comfortable if it knew the whole story of why he was unable to continue working with the Commission. Was it merely a matter of personal incompatibility? Or did he advocate changes in policy and organisation which were personally unacceptable to Sir Brian Robertson and politically embarrassing to Mr Harold Watkinson?

Another New Barbican

Wartime devastation of the Barbican area gave London a priceless opportunity for experiments in town planning. All the more unfortunate, then, that the latest scheme for developing the area – put forward to the Common Council of the City this week – should be so disappointing. Compared with a scheme rejected a year ago, which had been prepared by the New Barbican Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Gerald Barry, this one is timid and unimaginative. The earlier plan made the traffic problem its starting point – this one ignores it. It envisaged the 'multiple use of land' on a large scale, and would have created a real city within the City, with its own shops and schools, and a total of eight acres of open space. The latest plan envisages only residential building, abandoning the exciting vision of a balanced community within the boundaries of the City of London, while paying lip service to it. And it will provide only two acres of open space. However, the earlier plan seems irrevocably lost. The latest one is probably the best we can get, and should be supported. If experiments are to be attempted, public opinion must be ready to accept the need for them – it was because public opinion in the City was unprepared that the Barry plan was turned down. The muddled story of the Barbican area may yet serve to educate public opinion on this subject – if only as an object lesson in how not to do it.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Belgrade

The Gomulka Visit

K. S. Karol writes from Belgrade: 'Thanks to Gomulka, Tito has moved slightly closer to the Socialist family of eastern Europe. Thanks to Tito Gomulka now understands the West better and the role Poland can play in active co-existence.' Thus the results of the Tito-Gomulka talks were summed up for me by a member of the Polish delegation during the course of a tremendous reception given by the Polish ambassador on the last evening of the visit. For someone, like myself, who has just visited both countries, this summary might seem a bit of a paradox. Despite the current difficulties, there is much more original thinking going on in Poland than in Yugoslavia. Aneurin Bevan, who met Gomulka the evening before he left for Belgrade, did not conceal that he was impressed by Gomulka's frankness, realism and concern for democracy.

How, then, did it come about that, in the course of the talks, Gomulka acted as a sort of 'agent' of the USSR, and that he took so much trouble to get from Tito what Krushchev failed to do at the recent meeting in Rumania – his adhesion to the Socialist camp, which the Poles, for their purposes, call the 'Socialist family'? The explanation lies both in geography and in the Polish view of the best way to influence Moscow. Surrounded by three Peoples' Democracies, the Poles have no choice: they must remain a member of the Soviet bloc and they must maintain good relations with the USSR. The Yugoslavs, comfortably installed on the Adriatic, can choose. But both are equally interested in the internal evolution of Russia. For Poland, a democratic and de-Stalinised Russia would not merely cease to be a danger but would become the ideal partner in her evolution towards Socialism. The same is true for Yugoslavia, whose own future depends much more than is generally believed on what goes on in Moscow.

The Poles, without overplaying their hand, believe that they can encourage the development of democracy in Moscow by remaining closely tied to the USSR and by giving convincing proof of their friendship. They similarly believe that the role Yugoslavia can play in this process will be greater the closer her relationship to the 'Socialist family'. The Russians, they say, are always more inclined to listen to men they consider to be their friends than those who live quite outside their world. However, despite all Gomulka's recent declarations, the Russians are today more suspicious of the Poles than of the Yugoslavs. Tito defied Stalin and Molotov, who are now either dead or in disgrace. But Gomulka came to power in the teeth of Krushchev's personal opposition, despite the ring of armoured divisions round Warsaw and the angry remonstrances of the top men in the Politburo. Krushchev took Gomulka's victory hard, not merely because it was a personal affront but also because it very nearly cost him his job – indeed, its repercussions were still felt during the dramatic showdown this June in Moscow.

In order to remove these suspicions, Gomulka has to make gestures which do not come easily to him and which are not always appreciated, either in his own country or in Yugoslavia. In each and every speech he made during his visit, he always included a few sentences praising Russia; and last Saturday evening, despite the rain, his exhaustion and the late hour, he insisted on visiting the Soviet pavilion at the Zagreb Fair, even though Tito refused to go with him. But despite all his efforts and despite his genuine good will – Gomulka is not a double-dealer—everyone noticed that the Soviet ambassador had not found it necessary to interrupt his holiday to attend the reception given in Gomulka's honour at the Polish embassy. And throughout the visit *Pravda's* comments were brief and chilly.

But the Russians have nothing to fear from this visit. Quite the contrary. The Poles know perfectly well that Yugoslavia cannot be, like China, a potential counter-weight to Soviet pressure; and in any case, on a number of important internal policy issues, the Poles are as far apart from the Yugoslavs as they are from the Russians. The visit was the opportunity for a useful exchange of views on their different concepts; it produced one positive result for the Poles in the Yugoslav recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontier – the first time a non-Soviet bloc country has done so – but it has not led to a Polish-Yugoslav alignment on internal policy. It is significant that, while in Poland the debate on the fundamental principles of Communist doctrine is still going on, in Yugoslavia – I am credibly informed – they are making preparations for a new trial of Djilas.

Paris

The French Vaccine

Maurice Edelman writes from Paris: 'C'est stupéfiant!' said Professor Lépine, the developer of the French polio vaccine, when he heard of the Ministry of Health's refusal of the Institut Pasteur's offer to supply enough to inoculate 50,000 children. The history of this affair goes back to the beginning of August, when I wrote to the Minister of Health asking him to investigate the possibility of obtaining vaccine from the Institut Pasteur. Not receiving a reply, I went to Paris several weeks later, and was put in touch with the Institut Pasteur by General Corniglion-Molinier, a Deputy Prime Minister and a considerable Anglophile. With great generosity, the Institut Pasteur agreed to supply enough vaccine for between 20,000 and 50,000 children; and this at a time when there were incipient signs of an epidemic in France. I telephoned this offer to Mr Vaughan-Morgan, then Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, who sent Sir Samuel Bedson, consultant officer to the Ministry on pathology, and Dr D. L. Murrary, senior medical officer to the Ministry, to Paris.

On 11 September, without having previously informed the Institut Pasteur, the Parliamentary Secretary issued to the press a copy of a letter to me stating that there was inadequate information to enable the government to approve the use of

certain strains used in the vaccine and that no evidence of satisfactory studies in human volunteers was available. He went on to say that in the Ministry's view the addition of penicillin and streptomycin involved dangers to the health of the community and that control testing in parallel did not appear to be carried out under French governmental auspices. On these grounds the Ministry felt it could not import the vaccine.

Professor Lépine's comment on this letter, published in *Le Figaro*, is that the two persons concerned spent ten minutes in the laboratory of the Institut Pasteur and did not ask for any of the documents which would have been put at their disposal. The arguments of the Ministry, he said, appeared to be an excuse rather than a justification. For example, the Ministry objected that the French had not done tests on monkeys. Such tests would have been without any significance, said Professor Lépine, because the strains used for the French vaccine are not pathogenic for that animal. Then it is said that there is penicillin and streptomycin in the French vaccine. 'Of course there is,' said the Professor. 'But the British vaccine also contains a similar proportion. In fact, none of the arguments holds water.' Indeed, the French vaccine, produced with a killed virus, has been successfully used without any accident at all in 250,000 cases. The French are understandably bitter that their friendly gesture should have been rewarded by a public insult. The bitterness they feel is expressed in *Figaro's* last paragraph, which says: 'In truth, to find an explanation for this affair one must undoubtedly look for extra-scientific reasons, whether these be political – the conflict between the Conservatives and Socialists – or economic – competition for markets between different producers of vaccines. These have nothing to do with the objectivity which, above all in such a realm, one has the right to ask from everybody.'

Freedom and Justice in Ghana

THE key to the latest unhappy events in Accra is the remark of the Home Minister, Mr Krobo Edusei, that, since Ghana is as independent as Britain, she can do as she likes. If Britain barred Ghanaian lawyers from Kenya, why should he not bar Mr Shawcross? That the cases are not parallel is obvious. Kenyatta was defended by Mr Pritt, the counsel of his own choice, who was allowed to criticise the British far more fiercely than Mr Shawcross has criticised the officers of the Ghana government. Mr Shawcross, moreover, has been shut out during a court hearing, leaving his client without his chief counsel. More alarming is that the Home Minister should use an argument that suggests that liberated Africans should 'get their own back' on the Europeans, even if it means behaving as if they were British imperialists. If that is the mood, Africa and the world are certainly in for a bad time, for nothing can atone for the British record in West Africa, where people still recall the unparalleled horrors of the slave trade. Fortunately we have no reason to believe that Krobo Edusei is here speaking for the new Ghana. This incident is, we hope, only a lamentable divagation in a new nation, which, under Nkrumah's leadership, has often proclaimed its belief in honest standards of justice and stated that it needs technical and administrative help from the West.

The first thing that we in this country must all try to understand is that Nkrumah feels himself in a real dilemma. It is one that in some degree confronts the rulers of every 'liberated state.' How, in a country where violence is only just below the surface and democracy is a new idea, to maintain the power that is necessary if the country is to stand on its own feet without using dictatorial methods? If Nkrumah feels in this dilemma now, that is largely because he has treated as enemies all those who have criticised him. He has alienated tribal chiefs who could have been won over and is now to a dangerous extent in the hands of the CPP machine.

The intelligentsia as well have, in recent years, become almost wholly hostile to the CPP. This means the quality of the Cabinet ministers, and others with whom Nkrumah dare associate politically, is constantly falling. And it means, particularly, that Nkrumah is an isolated man, constantly legislating against ghosts of his own imagination. It was his ineptitude in the two or three years prior to independence which gave strength to the opposition party, the National Liberation Movement. Had he not given the opposition the credit for far greater political organisational ability than they possessed, had he not under-estimated regional susceptibilities and proceeded on the false assumption that he was being provoked, there would still be no coherent opposition movement. Indirectly, Nkrumah is as responsible for the NLM as he is for the CPP.

Why have educated Africans been for so long against the CPP? In a country advancing as rapidly as Ghana, a very high proportion of the educated are really young, and these young men are, as it would seem to any Englishman of the generation of Nkrumah, conservative to a surprising degree. While the CPP cannot be regarded as Socialist, it does stand on the left and the opposition on the right. The opposition supports the traditional authorities and tends to be led by wealthy and well-connected people; the CPP believes, though perhaps more on paper than in practice, in central planning, and its leaders are

mainly drawn, like Nkrumah, from the people. Ghanaian university students at home and abroad are greatly interested in politics but they are too much preoccupied by the need for security to consider committing themselves to politics as a career.

There are many reasons why the older educated men also find themselves in opposition. Probably the most important is dislike of the personality cult. In a country where chiefs of all levels are very liable to 'de-stoolment', it comes amiss that Nkrumah should be life-chairman of the CPP. While many educated men have long considered the government somewhat corrupt, and all are agreed about the notorious and now liquidated Cocoa Purchasing Company, most of the older people would be in opposition whatever the CPP government had or had not done. Many of them saw in Nkrumah a threat to the delicate balance of their Afro-British way of life. They wanted independence but they were secretly scared lest Nkrumah should Africanise the civil service (as broadly speaking he has not) too fast. Also it is a long time now since they first became jealous and angry about 'jobs for the boys'.

There is no reason to suppose that, had the opposition organised themselves more effectively and won an election, they would have governed better than Nkrumah: indeed it seems rather unlikely that the diverse elements of the opposition, led as they have been for some time by a politically passionate professor with his head in the clouds, and composed as they are of regional parties loosely associated with one another, would have hung together for long. At all times since 1951 the argument for voting for Nkrumah has been his power to form and hold a government. Electorally, Nkrumah's power has lately come to depend on the non-political rural Ghanaian, particularly the cocoa farmers of the south whom he once succeeded in arousing and who now support him instinctively. Now that there is a Ga regional opposition, it is almost true to say that everyone interested in politics (other than those who hold office in the government, CPP members of parliament and the party's nominees to lucrative appointments on public bodies) is opposed to the government; and it is indeed ironical that the greatest party-political organiser West Africa has ever known should now depend almost solely on those who do not understand politics.

It follows from this that there is no need for Nkrumah to seek to hold power by granting loans to cocoa farmers, or by other similar means, as the farmers will vote for him anyway. It also follows that politically provocative acts, such as deportations, will do little to reduce his mass support in the rural areas of the south. It would thus be a disservice to Ghana to suppose that recent happenings that have caused such dismay in the world, and equally great dismay in Ghana. were made necessary by a fight to gain or maintain power. They were not. Nkrumah's great strength is that he has no need to pander to the people. But there is now a grave danger that, summoned to appear before judges who are determined to uphold the rule of law, the CPP leaders may seek to proclaim a state of emergency and rely on the rule of force. If Nkrumah were to yield to such advice, he might engineer divisions among his own people which could lead to the disintegration of Ghana.

The recent deportations of political opponents and a journalist, and the threatened legislation giving additional powers to deport and also to confine (undeportable) Ghanaians to a seven-mile radius, are the unnecessary responses of a lonely and frightened man to a situation which does not even threaten him, as yet, with loss of power. In spite of widespread disquiet at the recent conduct of the government, Nkrumah would still win a general election were one to be held tomorrow. He will lose power only if his fears completely overwhelm him and if as a result he embroils himself with the judges. The new country's motto, written large on the Independence Arch, is 'Freedom and Justice'. The people may be beginning to wonder where they should look for Freedom, but they know that Justice resides in the courts.

Labour and Public Ownership

I

THIS year's annual conference of the Labour Party will be one of the most important in the party's history. In *Industry and Society*, the conference will have before it a document which is – or which purports to be – not only a programme for the extension of public ownership but a restatement of the central Socialist doctrine. Since nothing so ambitious has been attempted for over 30 years this is in itself a significant event. Moreover, it appears at a time when Socialist theory is passing through a world-wide crisis, when its distinctive doctrines of public ownership, planning, accountability and control and its distinctive analysis of the sources of power are being critically re-examined – in the Communist countries no less than in the democratic Socialist parties of the west.

This, then, is the time for a major debate. But it is vital, if the conference is to perform its proper function, that the real issues raised by *Industry and Society* should be clearly stated and that the present confusion over the forms and functions of public ownership should be dispelled. Already there is a danger of a largely irrelevant debate between those who advocate more nationalisation and those who want more public ownership. Such a conflict would, of course, be absurd. Nationalisation – meaning the organisation of a publicly owned industry under a single authority, a public board – is clearly not the only form of industrial organisation. In the Post Office, the Royal Ordnance Factories, local government, and the co-operative societies we have already a considerable range of institutional forms which public ownership can take. While a strong case can be made for nationalising further industries on the 1945-50 model, there are good reasons for doubting whether, in the future, this can be the general pattern. As the focus of interest moves from basic to manufacturing industries, the very conception of an industry begins to change. Industrial frontiers become blurred and lost and the shape of organisation ceases to be determined by the homogeneity of a product but rather by the interplay of technology, science and administration.

Furthermore, given variation in the kinds of product, fluctuations in consumer tastes and the changing demands of world markets, it is clear that in most manufacturing industries far greater decentralisation will be both necessary and desirable than was the case with older nationalised industries. In short, the primary unit of public ownership in manufacturing industry may well be in the future not the 'industry' but the large firm. This statement, of course, is open to challenge but, it must be stressed, the argument would not be about public ownership but about industrial organisation. And on this there is no specifically Socialist position – only the intention, as the party constitution puts it, to evolve for industry 'the best obtainable system' of administration.

But the main source of current confusion runs deeper than this. At root, it is the purpose of public ownership – not its forms – that continues to perplex. Where does the main emphasis lie? Is it to replace private ownership or to gain economic control; to destroy the base of class power or to make industry more efficient? On this question, Socialists have often – and legitimately – disagreed. But the answer is crucial for it is this that determines the priorities and the direction that public ownership will take and ultimately the area it will occupy. In the past, in Britain, there has been a consistent emphasis on the efficiency motive and a virtual neglect of other aims. The reasons for this can well be understood – unemployment, the empirical approach, the inter-war Mond/Norman doctrine of rationalisation – but the implications have only now become apparent. At first the shift of emphasis did not seem to matter, for in the decaying economy of the Thirties the area of inefficiency was almost coincidental with the economy itself. But as, in the post-war period, the whole economy has been lifted from stagnation to buoyant expansion, the advocates of ownership-for-efficiency have found the ground cut increasingly from under their feet. If efficiency is in fact the only test, why indeed nationalise the expanding managerial firms like ICI or Unilever? They are as well run as British Electricity or the Atomic Energy Authority. But if the technically progressive firms are excluded as candidates for public ownership, what remains? Inevitably the most suitable industries must be the most difficult – the technologically backward, the organisational nightmares, the industries in historical decline.

Thus, this approach must by its own logic lead to a mixed economy in which the efficient, profitable and expanding sectors remain in private hands, while the backward and unprofitable sectors fall to the state. Moreover, the take-over of such industries is bound to be a slow and arduous process involving the creation of new administrative structures and the expenditure of vast sums of capital. It may well be, of course, that the state should take on these difficult tasks, but if this is to be the only approach two consequences can be safely predicted: it would *not* lead to any significant change in the relative weights of the public and private sectors, and it would establish in the public mind, as a cause and effect relation, public ownership and inefficiency.

Now there are some who argue that the extension of public ownership need not stop short of the great and apparently efficient corporations; that public ownership is inherently more efficient than private ownership. There is a kernel of truth in this, but, until we outgrow our present conceptions of how nationalised industries should be run, this argument will not convince. For it is based on a fallacy – the fallacy that there exists today significant differences between large public and large privately owned industries. But a glance at our present mixed economy and, outside, at the rival American and Soviet industrial systems, surely confirms that where certain conditions are fulfilled – above all, unlimited access to new capital – there is no essential difference in efficiency and performance between them; and, for different reasons, both public and private corpora-

tions in Britain today have in fact just about all the capital they require. Furthermore, in the scale of their operations, in their internal organisations, and in their control by professional managerial cliques, they are becoming increasingly alike. Already it would require a rare discrimination to distinguish between, say, Ford (privately owned), Renault (publicly owned) and Volkswagen (owner-less) in matters of technical and managerial competence, or for that matter in structure.

Efficiency then is not and cannot be the *only* aim of public ownership. This news should grieve and surprise no one. For the central aim of Socialists has never been simply to 'make the trains run on time' – or to improve the 'load factor' of nationalised aircraft – (in Britain, and America, capitalism *has* largely solved the problem of production) but to achieve as well a new society in which 'exploitation' no longer exists, the economy – as distinct from particular industries – is rationally organised and economic power is subject to democratic control. These are the purposes that give the Labour Party its basically anti-capitalist bias, for they cannot be realised until the capitalist sector ceases to be dominant.

If, therefore, the Labour Party opposes the private appropriation of profits; if it dislikes bonus shares, capital gains, dividends and the rest; if it denies the right of the owners of industrial property to garner the fruits of other people's labour – then it must seek, not to take over this or that industry, but to roll back the frontiers of private ownership generally – until common ownership replaces private ownership as the dominant form. This is the logic of *Industry and Society* and it makes a valuable point in showing that, in the large firms, with the loss of shareholders' functions and the separation of ownership from control, the process of extending public ownership can be greatly accelerated.

But it follows from the very fact of the separation of ownership from control in this, the managerial phase of capitalism, that the change-over from private to public ownership does not necessarily carry with it a transfer of power to the state. Nevertheless, this remains a crucial objective. In the past Socialists have assumed that the necessary control can be exercised through vesting ministers with the power of making appointments to the board rooms of industry. But the experience of the past decade surely indicates that something more – and perhaps something different – is required. For far too easily the ministers' appointees become identified with the interests of the industries they are sent to control, to sponsor sectional interests and to ignore the broader needs of the economy. Yet it is precisely the ability to determine the national interest and to ensure the proper allocation of resources between industries that determines the over-all strength and performance of the economy. The problem here is not of aim, but of method. But its solution clearly points to a great improvement of planning techniques and to a fresh emphasis on external rather than internal control over industry.

Inevitably, the directors and managers of large enterprises now enjoy the patronage, rewards, privileges and status that once belonged to the owning class. Unchecked, these can continue under public no less than under private ownership. If, therefore, Socialists wish to prevent the consolidation of a new class base, new curbs on managerial power and an extensive democratisation within industry will be required.

These are some of the issues for the Brighton conference delegates to ponder – and *Industry and Society* must be judged by how well or how ill it faces them.

PETER SHORE

London Diary

WHAT has Governor Faubus achieved by precipitating a crisis in Little Rock? Of course, he is now trying to save face, but I find his climb-down almost as hard to understand as his original provocation. He seems to have got the worst of both worlds. A friend writes from America that it would be charitable to describe him as a sheep in wolf's clothing, 'but if he had deliberately set out to ruin the racial diehards of the South he could hardly have hit on a surer course'. What he has done is to fight a losing battle on the wrong battleground in full view of the world's press and newsreel cameras, to antagonise important elements in the South, and force a reluctant President to act firmly and positively. This last, my friend remarks, is probably his most important and, from the standpoint of the segregationists, most damaging achievement. The President 'manifestly hoped to limit his role to occasional remarks of unimpeachable piety'. But Governor Faubus left him no choice but to back up Judge Davies. The dramatic flight to interview the President may have made it a little easier for the governor to pretend he was 'co-operating' with Mr Eisenhower 'in carrying out the duties resting upon both of us'. But the last-ditchers in Georgia and Mississippi must be furious with this confused hill-billy for having made a real mess of what seemed a promising device for obstructing the Supreme Court's ruling.

* * *

Thai politics are a puzzle to westerners because they are almost entirely personal. *Coups d'état* are frequent, but less bloody than in the South American Republics. Marshal Pibul Songgram made himself Prime Minister by an Army coup in 1948; he got rid of his more democratic rival Pridi (the friend of the Allied cause during the war), by accusing him of responsibility for the violent death of the King. He has kept his power all these years with the help of the Army, but it was another Army coup that has now sent him away in his Thunderbolt car from Bangkok into retirement or exile. He has always had the faculty of simultaneously looking two ways, but for once his skill of political manipulation has failed him. He played General Phao (Police Chief) against Marshal Sarit (Army Chief); once again the Army has won, but this time the Army has turned against him as well as Phao. But I wonder whether it is true, as one observer wrote, that 'the moonflower legend of Siamese political life has begun to fade'? There have certainly been some signs of left wing activity, resolutions asking for a neutral policy, and Pibul himself, always ready to jump on any bandwagon, winked at an increasing number of delegations to China. And a few months ago a newspaper had photos of his old rival Pridi and a headline 'Come back Pridi', while more and more of Pridi's friends openly visit his wife in Bangkok. But I do not expect Pridi to return yet from his exile in China. What seems more likely is that Marshal Sarit will make a coalition government with no change in its attitude to America. Sarit's choice of Prime Minster may well determine whether Thailand continues along a line of parliamentary government (however tenuous) or is ruled by the Army.

* * *

Last week I mentioned a number of countries where brothels had been shut down, and remarked that they were still legal in Italy and Austria. My authority was a series of careful articles in *Le Monde*. People with direct experience (which I lack) have questioned these lists. Austrians, for instance, dislike being compared to Italy in this respect. They have no brothels – only hotels where it is understood it is proper to take a 'pick-up'. Another correspondent says that he would be much surprised if brothels had really been shut down in Belgium, and that there has been no change in Germany. The truth, I think, is that *Le Monde* was speaking of the former legality of *la maison tolérée*, not of the many ways of getting round the law and various possible pretences. In Portugal, for instance, I was told that brothels were abolished; say it to a Portuguese if you want a horse laugh. Britain is not in this matter any more hypocritical than other countries.

* * *

Since readers are always conservative about the appearance of their favourite papers, I was not surprised that the recent face-lift of this journal was greeted with something less than unanimous approval. One correspondent wrote: 'Spare us old faithfuls from further Friday morning shocks.' Judging generally from the correspondence, I should say our use of the new Minerva type – the first paper to adopt it – has won general approval, which is a tribute to its designer, Reynolds Stone. Criticism has mainly fastened on the 'mast-head' (which was not designed by him). But even here people who didn't like it at first now tell me that they have got used to it and that it stands out very well on the bookstalls. It is, of course, an old Fleet Street axiom that any paper, even the most radical, changes its appearance at its peril – which is why some slick Fleet Street papers still look in some respects old-fashioned. When will *The Times*, for instance, summon sufficient courage to recognise that it is no longer necessary to tuck the news away inside, safe from the butler's warming iron? The ex-Thunderer might attract young readers more cheaply by looking to its shop-window than by all this guff about Top People, which makes regular *Times* readers want to throw up every time they look at a hoarding.

* * *

Sheep differ from humans in several ways. For example, humans are detestable in herds and always interesting as individuals, while sheep are shapeless, stupid and boring individually, but in flocks sufficiently remarkable to excite the attention of moralists, poets and painters. I have been watching them with more than usual attention on the top of the Downs. It is extraordinary how brilliant a picture they make as they move in formation with the silent dogs behind them, their black faces and knees sharply contrasting with their fleeces, which catch every shaft of sunshine. Near me there is a field of rape, dark green and lush, much higher this year than I have ever seen it before. The shepherd fences off a square that looks solid with green leaves. Some 600 sheep push into it, finding room for themselves only by jumping about, said the shepherd, 'just like porpoises'. In half an hour, not a leaf is left. The sheep are standing, chewing their greens amongst a forest of stalks. Remembering the story in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, where the sheep, blown out after breaking into a clover field, have to be saved by the prick of a lance to let the air out, I asked the shepherd whether anything like this could happen to his sheep after so greedy a meal. Rape apparently does not have this effect. But a number of sheep every year, it seems, die this way. Actually I saved the lives of two only the other day. Distended like barrels in the long grass, they were lying on their backs kicking and, until I gave them a push, quite unable to stand. A shepherd told me that in this condition they may die in as little as 20 minutes, though he had

known some survive for four or five hours. But they were not, as in Hardy's description, foaming at the mouth, and dying in agony. They were just lying on their backs like beetles, surrounded by their almost equally distended colleagues, who were not clever enough, or interested enough, to put them on their feet.

* * *

Simon Marks is unwittingly responsible for one of the most unusual incidents at the conference of the Inter-parliamentary Union. His irrepressible firm had offered to supply the wives of every delegate with a 'surprise gift' of those feminine articles of wear known as a 'twin set' and, with its usual efficiency, had produced a printed form asking the ladies concerned to supply their chest measurements. It had, however, overlooked the fact that some of the delegates themselves were women. When this was discovered Simon Marks was eager to repair the omission, but there were no more printed forms available and time was running short. The Ladies Committee, which has been looking after the wives, thereupon sent an SOS to Charles Royle, MP, the friendly little butcher from Lancashire who has been acting as one of the liaison officers to the foreign delegations. Would he slip into the conference hall and collect the chest measurements of the 38 women delegates? Royle, a brave and kindly man, obliged. Under the cover of the drone of debate from the rostrum, he slipped round the seats at Church House asking the astonished women for their '*autour de poitrine*'. Their reactions I gather were varied. Madame Kotakula of the Soviet Union demanded suspiciously 'Why do you want to know?', but was all smiles when it was explained to her. Madame Vandervelde, a Belgian senator and a fine figure of a woman, laughed outright. 'My dear Sir, I do not know your English sizes. Shall we say two metres?' Pointing to a woman delegate she added, 'And she is bigger than me'. Considering that the only resources for explaining his mission were English, some halting French and what he calls 'gesticulations', I am surprised that Royle emerged unscathed.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

At the meeting of Bromley Women's Gas Federation on September 4, Mrs P. G. Brooks, of the W.V.S., described 'How to protect the home and family after a nuclear explosion.' After refreshments, Mrs E. Sears showed some coloured slides of beauty spots.—*Bromley and Kentish Times.* (Ann Gorman.)

Christians can never be pacifists, said an Air Ministry staff chaplain, the Rev H. L. O. Rees, at a Battle of Britain service in Bristol yesterday.

'There will always be war while there is evil in the world,' he added.

'Although we might live for peace we might have to die for it, too.

'It is a pity that pacifists should try out their experiments at our expense. I don't think it is too strong to say that there is blood upon their hands.'—*News Chronicle.* (Ronald Cuddon.)

Yesterday somebody who should know about it told me the ancient Greeks were homosexuals.

If so, they were a thoroughly bad lot. It's high time we banned Greek from our schools and universities.—*News Chronicle.* (G. T. Brookfield.)

I endorse the protest against immodesty in dress. Some women seem to have forgotten the purpose of the bust. It is not for seduction.—Letter in *Daily Herald.* (F. P. Edwards.)

The Man Who Changed His Mind

FEW men would give up an income of over £6,000 a year, a villa, a summer house at the seaside and a car – all provided by a grateful government – unless there was some good reason. The man with whom I have just been staying did so some weeks ago when he slipped over to the west from East Berlin, a refugee from Ulbricht's Communist regime. He is Alfred Kantorowicz, 58-year-old professor of modern German literature at East Berlin's Humboldt University.

But Professor Kantorowicz gave up much more than his annual income of 80,000 marks (700 times more than an old-age pensioner gets in a year) and his wordly goods when he escaped into West Berlin. He left behind him a brilliant career as one of Germany's best-known propagandists for the Communist cause, including 26 years' membership of the party. He left behind his world-famous library and his friendship with many of the leading Communist intellectuals. He also left behind any illusions that Communism was the answer to his life-long battle against Fascism and all that the Nazi mentality stands for.

No one has ever disputed Kantorowicz's capacity as an authority on German literature. He is almost certainly the greatest living authority on Thomas and Heinrich Mann and is himself no mean author. No one has ever disputed his ability as a fighter against Fascism. He fought with distinction in the Spanish Civil War, as a member of the International Brigade. He spent the war in exile from Nazi Germany and managed to stomach the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of 1939, continuing to propagate Marxist ideas with fanatical enthusiasm. During and after the war he fought red-baiting for six years in the US where he held an important position with the Columbia Broadcasting System. On his return to Germany in 1946 he continued to write and lecture for the Communist cause.

Such then is briefly the background of the dapper, greying man with whom I spent many hours in conversation at his refuge on the banks of the Rhine. Why, I asked, did it take him 26 years to realise that he had been fighting Nazism from within a system in essence so similar? Why did he leave East Germany so late? Professor Kantorowicz has not given up his life-long ideal in order to pull any punches. His answers came out pat. He had not defected to the west too late but too early. He should, he said, have stayed in East Germany to fight the Ulbricht terror regime with whatever weapons and methods remaining at his disposal. He should have stayed on to succour and advise his beloved students who looked to him for guidance in an all-embracing police state. But his nerves had reached breaking point and his opposition to the regime in recent years had reached such proportions that his life was in danger.

At just what point, I persisted, did he begin to equate Nazism with Communism. Professor Kantorowicz peered over his glasses and there was a trace of a smile as he said: 'Even back in the Spanish Civil War days, many of us who were fighting Fascism at the front were aware that the top Communist functionaries who visited Spain from Russia and Germany seemed to be more concerned with administering the Communist system than fighting for our ideals. But in those days we were interested in the job in hand and we said to ourselves that things would improve once the Communist cause in Spain triumphed.' Professor Kantorowicz argued his case convincingly and methodically. All his Communist life, he said, he and indeed most of the thinking Communists, have been aware of the failings of the Communist regime but above all they thought of the bright future once Communism was realised and of the necessity to fight Fascism all along the line. Communist regimes, wherever they may be, are perhaps a prostitution of true Communism, but the newborn babe may live to develop into a decent man.

I was still trying to pinpoint the decisive time or event which had caused the professor to stop in his Marxist-Leninist tracks. Was it the East Berlin uprising in June 1953? 'I was in hospital at the Charité at the time,' he said. 'I will admit that 17 June was a spontaneous uprising and that the workers had good cause for what they did. But at the time, I remember, I, and I think all my friends in East Berlin, were shocked at the way this internal East German event was seized upon by Nazi elements in West Germany who tried to whip it up into something which would not have been in the true interests of the East German workers. Had I not been in hospital I should have been prepared to fight myself at the barricades to prevent Nazis from West Berlin from exploiting the situation.' I asked him if perhaps the recent events in Poznan or Hungary had influenced him to a marked degree. 'No,' he said, 'by the time of Poznan I had serious doubts about dialectical materialism, but no single event influenced my decision in the past two or three years to withdraw from Communist platforms and keep myself to myself. It was an accumulation of disillusionments.'

I asked the professor why, if this was so, he came west now rather than last year or next year. He explained the complexities of falling foul of Communist bosses. In the past few years the East German poet, Kurt Bartels (known as Kuba), had become an increasingly powerful and sinister figure in East Berlin intellectual circles. Kuba was in close touch with the First Secretary of the East German Communist Party, Walter Ulbricht. Professor Kantorowicz felt himself compelled to resist the straitjacket of so-called Socialist Realism, which Ulbricht was imposing on intellectuals, using Kuba as a willing tool. In June last year Kantorowicz published a covert attack on Kuba in an East Berlin paper, without mentioning him by name. Kantorowicz quoted some verses of Kuba's and castigated them as worthy only of the worst Nazi writers. Everyone of importance in East Berlin intellectual circles realised that the verses were by Kuba and from then on Kantorowicz was a marked man. Ingenious ways were found of putting pressure on him, which he resisted as best he could.

Finally Kantorowicz refused to sign the so-called 'Hungary resolution' in which East German writers gave veiled support to the Communist line that the uprising in Hungary was the work of Fascist elements. Even here, however, there were intricacies which, in the western world, one would find hard to credit. The resolution was cleverly worded and there was little in it to which the East German writers could take exception. Professor Kantorowicz in fact did not refuse point-blank to sign it but made reservations on certain points in the resolution. But the professor thinks that recent articles in the western press praising him for not having signed are not really relevant. He was already so far committed against the Ulbricht regime by then that his refusal to sign was only part of an inevitable pro-

cess. Today, he would like all his friends in East Germany to know that he does not mind a bit who signs the current resolution against him. He realises that in the Communist world today the appendage of a signature to a document is not an earnest of anything.

AUSTIN HARRISON

All For Fun

IN the early Twenties, when the War of the Roses was at its height, Emmott Robinson was once brilliantly caught at backward point. 'Nay, Emmott,' said Wilfrid Rhodes in disgust; 'Playing fancy cuts at thy time of life.' That was the cricket atmosphere in which I grew up. You took no risks. You accepted cricket as a game which was not played for fun. You played to stop the other side from winning.

Of course, even in the north there were black sheep – players like Roy Kilner, with his cap askew, his broad humour and his habit of flicking at rising balls on the off; or Cecil Parkin, all legs and flailing arms, who would suddenly slip a slow out of the back of his hand and roar with laughter when some leaden-footed batsman was bowled by it. But, like French Cabinet ministers who wore plus fours, such men could not be taken seriously.

Something of this atmosphere still remained when the visiting Denis Compton first rolled on to Bramall Lane with Middlesex. We still would not stand for larking about; but a little gaiety from a youngster, especially a youngster who was an opponent, was acceptable, provided his cricket was good. Those unorthodox strokes, those scatter-brained calls, those running conversations with fieldsmen, batsmen, umpires and even spectators—they were all right so long as Compton made runs and held his catches. But it was a tightrope. Compton had only to strike a bad patch, or even to miss one catch, for people to say: 'There you are. He doesn't pay attention. He doesn't take the game seriously. He's just a playboy. Bighead!'

After the war three events brought these northern feelings to the boil. They were Compton's appointment as deputy captain to Freddie Brown on an Australian tour instead of Hutton; his comparative failure as a bat on that tour, in contrast with the staid Hutton's outstanding success; and the appearance of his face on posters advertising a hair cream. These posters infuriated a great many people, even some who did not live in the north. 'There you are!' they said. 'He can get easy money. So of course he doesn't bother about cricket. He's fat and soft.' When he came down the pavilion steps, they shouted 'Brylcream!' at him and wanted him to fail.

It would be untrue to say that throughout this barrage Compton never turned a hair. For Compton had only to be on a field two minutes at any time for his hair to become the worst sort of advertisement for any kind of cream. It blew about in the wind. It fell over his eyes; and Compton, unlike Keith Miller, never dreamed of carrying a comb or tucking in his shirt.

But it was true that, hostility or no hostility, he went on exactly as before. If they jeered at him when he went out, he smiled and waved his bat. If they barracked him as he fielded on the boundary, he barracked them back. And suddenly they began to say: 'This fellow's one of us after all. He's not like Sutcliffe who'd cut you dead sooner than look at you.' And on hot days they began to offer him friendly swigs from their lemonade bottles. 'Go on, Denis. Show 'em how to do it.'

And Denis would go on – showing 'em how not to do it, cross batting at straight balls, sweeping at balls that are best left alone, calling 'Yes! No! Yes! Get back!!' and just scrambling home with the abandon of a boy in a backstreet; sometimes making nought and sometimes making a hundred, but always filling even the bleakest ground with sunshine. By now nobody cared if he stood on his head provided he went on playing cricket, not just with the two teams but with everyone on the ground. The discerning had now realised that the jollity vanished when the bowler began his run-up; that, if Prince Rupert had a smiling face, he had a sword of steel – a sword which destroyed some bowlers utterly and won a success which only a handful in the history of cricket have surpassed in figures – and none in delight.

Then came the knee, the operations, the imperfect recovery, the spectacle of his heaving his game leg over the boundary board as he came out to bat and hobbling rather than rolling to the wicket. This man they had called a playboy had real guts. Admiration and respect, more overpowering even than affection, began to pour over him; and through this barrage, too, he remained completely unchanged – except perhaps that his running between the wickets became even more outrageous. He still twirled his bat between every stroke, still chivvied the slip fielders, still gossiped with the spectators and bantered with the umpires; and still, for hours that seemed like minutes, he made thousands of people one with him.

The other day an old stager said to me, sadly, 'Do you know, at Bramall Lane nowadays they laugh at Johnnie Wardle's skylarks. Yorkshire cricket'll never be the same again.' It won't, thank goodness. From now on Yorkshire cricket may not be quite so successful. But it will be much warmer; and the cause is largely Denis Compton, God bless him, of Middlesex and England, who played cricket so gloriously for fun.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Train to Cologne

VICTORIA Station had always meant, ultimately, the Mediterranean, the blueness, the whiteness, the chaos of our strident, civilised mother. Now I was going against the current. This was a Northern train, crammed to the buffers with huge bronzing schoolmasters and ladies who lunched in off-white hotels to the music of Strauss, packs of children as noisy as dogs, with scarcely a dream between them, and lonely red-faced men returning, haunted and nostalgic, to their old battlefields. Suddenly, at Folkestone, England turned right over like a shark and showed the white snapping teeth of its muscular police. Perhaps in July holiday-makers are unduly apathetic; there are too many of them; they have been briefed by their travel agencies, stubbed with excursion coupons and currency; they adhere blindly to their paradise programmes. We stood there (were there a thousand of us, two thousand, a million?), waiting behind the gates which separated us from the Customs houses, the ship, Ostend, Aachen, Zeebrugge, Hamelin, Brussels, Rotterdam. We waited half an hour until the gates opened, then we swarmed in to a terrible field-day of police, shouting, pushing, menacing, a sports-day of new recruits. Were we downhearted? 'That way!' shouted a sergeant. 'Can't you see where I'm pointing? Are you all blind? Come on constable, give them some help.' 'Certainly,' said the enormous constable, seizing arms and pulling people from group to group. 'I've taken the number of that policeman,' muttered one man in my ear. 'I nearly gave him a piece of my mind . . .' 'If it hadn't been the first day of my holiday. . .,' said a woman in a hard white hat. 'We're not on holiday,' said a short thin man in a sarcastic Cockney voice. 'We're on disembarkation leave.'

There were no Customs, and we crammed ourselves onto the ship. I made straight for the bar and went thirstily to the counter. 'Get into the queue,' shouted the enormous barman. Was he a policeman? He had a slight Belgian accent; but after all the Belgians were beginning to take over, the holiday was only starting. I went to the end of a long queue, sweating, and took stock. Strange not to hear French, an occasional English schoolmaster shouting for Eric or Richard, and a high clatter of German. All the Germans, and there were many, were young, and some of the girls were cool and charming and their voices chimed low like fine clocks. The youths were nearly all good-looking, the noble ones, the sensitive ones, the studious ones, and the rather flat-faced ones stamped with the mark of the prankster, the bully in the gymnasium, the one who hates Heine. Backwards and forwards I went in the queue drinking more than a quart of soapy lager, until suddenly the prettiest girl I have ever seen tripped into the bar, mesmerising in silk, half grotto-nymph, half danger light of the hotel bar, all sex, all sunlight, all shadow, all *schadenfreude*. She stood there, shimmering, the rare German butterfly, then darted out to her lorelei lair. 'The ship's going to sink,' said the large eternal jolly-man in a floppy panama hat. 'Maybe,' I said. He wouldn't mind, it would add to his stock of funny stories. Old Uncle Roger in the Hotel Gute Reise. 'Too many people on it,' he said. 'It's listing already,' 'Ha-ha,' I said.

I was already packed with alcoholic lather when I met a sturdy fellow-traveller with a square Midland face. 'On a visit to my old regimental unit in Belgium,' he said. 'RAOC. And you?' 'Germany,' I said. We went down to the restaurant, and luckily managed to get inside. Through the portholes was a flat blue sea and a low gold sun, sudden joy, a seagull's eye view, and we were shown to a table with three attractive German girls glowing in the radiance of evening adventure on the water. 'You'll be all right in Germany, mate,' said the Midland man in a loud voice, giving me a jolly wink. 'Looks like it,' I said heartily. 'Excuse me, please,' said one of the girls in excellent iced-water English, 'but would you pass the mustard, pepper and salt?' Written clearly in her eyes were the words *Forbidden to walk on the grass. Kein Eingang. No entrance. Futtern verboten. Forbidden to feed the animals.* The second one smiled sweetly, hesitantly, but her eyes said *Wait for the lights.* 'We live in Earl's Court,' said the third one . . .

There we were in Ostend with two trains side by side, both going to Hamburg. I bought a seat reservation from a rather dreamy *contrôleur*, my last chance to talk French, to communicate at a higher level than asking for two sausages and potato salad, what is the time, is it going to rain (but I can learn), and walked up the platform. I couldn't find the carriage and returned to the *contrôleur*. People were beginning to shout at him, but he looked through them, his private

the things they say!

Huge place isn't it?

Darn sight too huge, if you ask me. These new I.C.I. places cost millions and millions—and what's it all for?

Why, surely to make new chemicals for Britain's expanding industries . . . ?

Not a bit of it—profits for a few top hats in the City, that's all it's for, mark my words. It isn't right that a few men should control such wealth and power, and if I were running this country . . .

Oh, come. You talk as though I.C.I. were controlled by a few financiers answerable to no one but themselves.

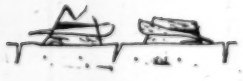
Well, isn't it?

Of course not. Nor is any big public company today.

Go on! I.C.I. is run by a handful of directors, and don't you say it isn't.

Certainly the big policy decisions in I.C.I. are made by the Directors. But nearly all of them are men who've come up through the organization, and none holds his position on the strength of a big block of shares or anything like that. Anyway, control of I.C.I. ultimately lies in the hands of the I.C.I. stockholders.

And who are they, eh?



A fair cross-section of the community—from foremen plasterers to district nurses, from shop assistants to judges. All told, no fewer than 300,000 people. The number is going up all the time, too, for under I.C.I.'s Profit-Sharing Scheme over 80,000 of its employees are now getting shares in the business.

ICI

[8]

dream was immense, impregnable. 'Come along,' he said to me. 'These people are tiring. You are in a student carriage in this train on the left.' 'A student carriage,' I said. 'Certainly. Here it is.' He pointed at a carriage marked with the number 8A. 'In there?' I climbed in and found myself a seat opposite a spectacled young man in shorts. The carriage was crammed with young men and girls, some of whom I had seen before in the bar. 'You are English?' asked the youth in shorts. 'Yes,' I said. 'We are all German. From Berlin.' His English was excellent. 'There are 70 of us here in these carriages. We have been a fortnight in England.' 'What did you do?' 'Intensive learning,' said the young man. 'My name is Hans. We have seen the British Museum, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London and the Kensington Science Museum.

At that moment a short blond man entered the carriage and made a speech in a harsh, commanding voice. 'What is he saying?' I asked. 'He is telling us by no means to stray to other carriages, to obey the train laws, speak well to the *contrôleurs*, and that he is going to lock us all into our carriages here.' 'What, me too?' I said. 'Certainly, then you are a student too,' cried Hans with a sudden high laugh. 'He is a very strict man, our party leader. But only to the frontier, you understand. Then, at Cologne, we change into a good, *gemütlicher*-train to Hamburg. Not like this cattle-truck.'

The train started and slid into the Belgian night. Liége, Brussels. I was surrounded by English-speaking students, I was an object for the study-group; the young Berlin eyes were crackling with their high IQ. The exact pronunciation of words, the height of buildings, who was I *precisely*? A writer, I said. Ah, what was the nature of my writing, the motive, the result, the fulfilment? What were my periodicals, newspapers and reviews? What political colour? I answered as best I could, and out came notebooks, address books.

'Will you become my correspondence friend?' asked Hans. 'For once a month? From England? Thus I will perfect myself.' 'Come,' said another less electric, more moody student. 'This is perhaps our German fault. We are too serious.' He addressed himself to me. 'In England I liked very much your casual parks and your humorous sense. I also visited Portsmouth and much admired the air of it. In Berlin we are sharper, perhaps we are also rude.'

After the frontier, Hans took photographs out of the window. It was a superb camera, and he also possessed an ultra-modern exposure meter. Was he, in fact, an exposure meter himself? A gymnastic, epistomological, electronic gauge? How keen could one get? I felt myself sliding into a neat country of high-pressure diagrams.

I left the party at Cologne, exhausted by queues, soapy beer, trains and the intellectual inexhaustiveness of tireless neon brains.

'Good-bye,' cried Hans. 'I will send you snaps! Will you send jokes?'

ANTHONY CARSON

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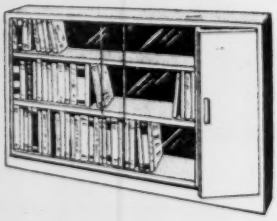

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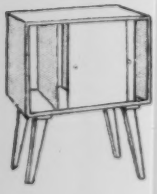

Left: The UNIX Records Filing Cabinet.

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Fleet Street Notebook

STUDENTS of the art of leader-writing have long known that there is nothing like a key by-election to bring the craft to its finest flower. Gloucester did not fail them. On Friday evening the *Evening Standard*, in the course of a short leader of no more than four paragraphs, succeeded in proving, if not to its readers' satisfaction then one must hope to Lord Beaverbrook's, that the only people who had real cause to be 'breaking their hearts' over the result were the leaders of the Labour Party. The *Daily Telegraph* provided a hardly less fascinating example of the workings of the leader-writer's pen. Writing immediately after the announcement of the result, that paper's political correspondent had told its readers: 'This result is calculated to depress Conservatives and fill Socialists with justified enthusiasm. . . . His (the Labour candidate's) success is in no way open to the disparagement of being owed to Liberal intervention.' 'Few could have expected this (the Labour majority) to be so impressive.' Another 24 hours, however, and the *Telegraph* leader-writer had discovered a quite different moral. 'There is,' he declared with magisterial sternness, 'no reason whatever for Mr Gaitskell's calling the greatly increased Socialist majority at Gloucester "a magnificent result".' On the contrary, he decided the Labour vote 'is singularly unimpressive'. Perhaps Mr Colin Coote, the *Telegraph's* editor, could find the time some day to introduce his political correspondent and his leader-writer.

The Times concluded that, after all allowances had been made for 'the special character of by-election voting' and the presence of a Liberal candidate, 'there remains a residue of solid evidence that the government's standing . . . is as low as ever'. The *Manchester Guardian*, remarking that for fatuity it would be hard to beat the statement by the Conservative spokesman in Gloucester that the result showed 'that the anti-Socialist vote remains as strong as it was in 1955', nevertheless added that the vote should 'discourage premature optimism at Transport House'. Only the Liberals, it observed, had a right to be cock-a-hoop.

The *News Chronicle* rationed enthusiasm even more strictly. 'None of the parties,' it declared, 'can be satisfied with the result.' However, it later relented slightly towards the Left. 'But for the Labour Party, at least, there is a prospect,' it admitted, 'of a pale pink dawn – even if they are doing very little to deserve it. For the Liberals there is a hint of silver lining in an overcast sky. For the Tories there looms a dank future, gloomy and deserved.' Word spinning had no appeal for the *Herald*. It saw the moral plain and clear and practically entirely in words of one syllable: 'The vast majority of voters wants a change and it cannot come too soon for Britain's good.' Nor did the *Express* find any dubiety about the moral of it all – although naturally its moral was different from the *Herald's* – or even for that matter from the *Evening Standard's*. 'The Tory Party takes a beating at Gloucester. Who is the culprit?' asked its leading article. Loud and clear came the answer, 'Mr Peter Thorneycroft, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.' For those who do not read the *Express* with the regularity it deserves, it should perhaps be explained that Mr Thorneycroft is already known to *Express* readers to be unfit for public life by reason of his support of the European Common Market. The *Mail* – never a paper of half measures – was more wholesale. Nothing short of 'a sweeping reorganisation of the whole Tory Party machine' would suffice, it declared; and asked a little sadly (as no doubt others are doing) whether Lord Hailsham was quite the man for the job. Henry Fairlie, on the other hand, the *Mail's* political columnist, believed that the Gloucester result had been 'wildly misunderstood'. The Tories, he concluded, have 'the promise of victory at the next general election'.

It cannot be said that news of the government changes on Tuesday revived Conservative spirits to any great extent. The *Telegraph* found them 'A Useful Reshuffle', but added broodingly: 'Whether the infusion is sufficient to carry the government through to a general election in full vigour and confidence remains to be seen. . . .' 'Some Good. Some Bad,' said the *Daily Express*. The *Mail* suggested that the changes, though modest, might 'represent a considerable strengthening'. *The Times*, grumbling that 'the new ministers have been an unconscionable time in being born', went on to say that the real questions still remained unanswered.

Although long expected, the resignation of Sydney Elliott as editor of the *Daily Herald* – the fifth editor to go since Odhams first took over the paper – may be said to mark the end of any further pretence that the *Herald* is primarily a political paper. His successor is an intelligent, and personally very agreeable, newspaper executive without any very great political experience. Big changes in make-up are promised and should begin to show themselves next month, although whether they will bring the circulation reward which is so badly needed has still to be seen. Sydney Elliott, who never succeeded in making the impact on the paper it was assumed he would, has been uncomfortable in the editorial chair for some time. He lacked real authority—a situation which has been only too clear to the staff and has affected their morale. It is, therefore, no doubt as well that the paper should have an editor with whom Odhams see eye to eye and who may therefore be given a chance to make something of it – even though what is made is likely to be remarkably unlike the *Herald* as it was originally conceived.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

England, Our England!

CONTRARY to what one might have feared the transfer of *The Entertainer* to a so much larger theatre, the Palace, has not in any way diminished its impact. It fills the larger house as it did the smaller, and Mr Alan Tagg's imaginative designs look even better than they did at the Royal Court. The three main performances from Sir Laurence Olivier, Brenda de Banzie and George Relph are still impeccable. Miss Joan Plowright suits the minor role of the daughter better than Miss Tutin did. Mr Richard Pasco, shorn of one song, makes much out of little with Frank, the son. In the meantime Mr Osborne has done a little shaping and cutting but not enough to make any material difference to the whole.

What you must expect to see, then, is a remarkably savage, original, powerful piece that gives the impression all the same of having been left, in the contemporary fashion, unfinished. Like some modern painters who don't, deliberately, complete their paintings down to the edges of the canvas, or sculptors who hew out their images and leave them surrounded by uncut stone so that they look to the layman only half done, so Mr Osborne deliberately denies us those finishing touches, the absence of which we have to accept – liking it or not – in the contemporary visual arts, but which we may be old-fashioned enough to resent in the drama. This is evidently deliberate, for Mr Osborne was given the wonderful chance of a fairly long interval after seeing his play brilliantly acted as it was and he could have made any alterations he wished. And he has made none that really matter (the main one is that a very bad scene in the last act which suddenly introduced two new characters, played round the coffin of Billie Rice, is now split into two very bad scenes on different sides of the stage). Evidently then Mr. Osborne prefers it as it is, feeling perhaps that an attempt to tidy it up might diminish the impact.

That impact is undoubted; it can't be argued away. The central image of the play – a little piece of England, standing perhaps for a larger piece than we realise at the time, putresces away before our eyes in sad and whining squalor – this central image, expressed in a taut, bitter and stinging dialogue catches the audience on the most tender, exposed surfaces. We are made to feel about this England of ours 'where nobody is well' with an intensity and passion which the English Theatre hasn't made us do for decades. With his three central characters, the dead-beat little patter man, his life-worn wife, and his old-timer dad, Mr Osborne is entirely, dazzlingly, successful so long as, but only so long as, they are each going through their own motions, giving us their performance of themselves, quite irrespective of their own actions or what happens to them. They are intensely vivid and crammed with truth when they are just being themselves: Archie in his professional patter and his avoidance of involvement by introducing this flip line into his personal relations, and in his moments of self-revelation, too, and his one moment of truth – Archie, in himself, is as brilliantly imagined by his author as he is by his actor. The same is true in a much simpler way, since they are less complex characters, of his wife and father; Phœbe's irrelevant chatter and permeating sentimentality, old Billie's dandiacal habits and wistful reminiscence are exactly right, and displayed in lines that catch both the idiom and the rhythm. The essence and being of these characters Mr Osborne has realised beautifully, and the strength with which he has done so can be measured by the fact that they carry the evening in the face of a structural incompetence that is really rather remarkable. Mr Osborne displays (and this is true also of the earlier play) hardly a trace of the story-teller's gift. He has, luckily for himself, the theatrical flair that can flick on the *vox humana* and vibrate an episodic moment into something tense and moving. (Phœbe's outburst over the cake is an obvious example.)

But the over-all story is told just about as badly as it could be. It isn't that the plot line is bad (bad plots can make perfectly acceptable plays anyhow), but that he simply hasn't the knack of deploying incident so that it is effective and telling. The sudden popping in, in the penultimate scene, of two new characters whom he neglects to introduce to us is only the grossest example. Look at the incidents from the very start and you will see that they are so incompetently introduced as to have the minimum instead of the maximum effect. The characters barely respond to them, they skirt hastily round them and get back to their real task of being and behaving 'in the blue'. Their relation to what happens is, for all the effect it has on them, non-existent. The death of the son off-stage does produce a second

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act curtain (which is by the way an actor's curtain rather than a writer's one). But that apart, subtract the action from the play: subtract the supposed heroics and the capture of this son, Mick: subtract the girl Jean's engagement; subtract Archie's alleged intention to marry the girl from the Cambridge; subtract his persuading his father to come into the act and so 'killing him': subtract the father's death, subtract brother William's offer to send him to Canada, subtract his refusal—subtract all the plot indeed, and would you have weakened the play at all? On the contrary wouldn't you have strengthened it, for these are all the things that distract us by the feebleness with which they are conducted? They make a weak first act, don't detract from the second and produce the worst third act that a success can ever have had. And you will notice too the extremely corny—though none the less effective—ending. All problems unresolved, the little man in his seedy mackintosh walks off into the middle distance. It is pure sentimentality, and echoes the ending of all the Chaplin films from the middle period.

Another curious and interesting failure is Mr Osborne's failure here with his own generation; it was they, after all, who made the success of his first play. Why are they so dim and unexplained and off the beam here? Yet I think that this is not an unhealthy sign. Mr Osborne might have been content only to repeat his first success; instead he has moved to a different field and hardly bothered with the young people at all. But I do suggest that in doing this he has lost completely the element of conflict which ought to be there and somehow isn't, and this may explain in part some of the structural weakness.

But in writing of the structural weakness, I am not at all trying to diminish Mr Osborne's achievement. On the contrary. I suppose that what Mr Osborne is after is to try to get away from the kind of play in which incidents and events have the false importance they sometimes have in the well-made play. His failure with this part of his play sticks out. And it sticks out not because he is trying to write a well-made play and has failed, but because he hasn't succeeded in getting as far away from the well-made play as he aimed to.

T. C. WORSLEY

WE ALL KNOW voracious readers; Pooh, in an embarrassing predicament, had a 'sustaining book' read to him; and there are, of course, bitter-sweet romances and dry tomes. All the same, the faintest suspicion of hyperbole must attach to those who claim that they literally devour books. The nutritive value of paper is small. It is hard on the teeth. It tastes too nasty for *words*. With all that learning, they should know that paper lacks almost all the virtues of good fresh bread.

Oddly enough, a good deal of paper-work has been devoted to bread. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. Which means it's good for you.

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John Bratby

BRATBY'S latest exhibition at the Beaux-Arts includes a number of self-portraits, naturally. These are portraits of a middle-aged man. But it is not only this which makes us forget that Bratby was born in 1928. There is also his achievement to make us forget it. Bratby may not be the most promising of our young painters: I can think of half-a-dozen who might be better painters than he ten or fifteen years hence. But over the ground covered so far Bratby has put a distance between himself and the rest of the field. One reason for this is that he evidently finds no difficulty either in working or in finishing his works. Perhaps this is the most remarkable thing of all about this remarkable man. He just doesn't seem to have the same inhibitions about getting on with it as everyone else. By 'everyone else' I mean, of course, other creative artists. The Buffet and Reynolds workshops have their assembly lines all right: it's no more difficult to produce now than at any other time if work means working to a formula. But real artists in a society like ours which has no strong beliefs and an overwhelming sense of history are bound to have a self-consciousness which makes it difficult for them to do anything: there are so many pitfalls to be avoided—we musn't be merely decorative on the one hand or merely literary on the other, and we can't paint this subject because it's a nineteenth-century kind of subject or that one because it would seem too desperately outlandish, and we can't paint a fish in that way because that is how Braque has done it and the association would falsify, and we can't paint the corn-flake packet in any way or they'll be saying that we're copying Bratby, and so on and on to deeper and more complex considerations. The artist today is J. Alfred Prufrock. Except Bratby. Yet he is not Sweeney, for he hasn't the coarseness though he does have the animal energy. It is just that he hasn't heard the news. He is like those innocent characters in Russian novels who have nine lives.

Bratby's innocence is not of a kind that operates in the act of painting: he is a young professional who already knows many of the tricks. He might, however, be thought less than professional in his indifference to whether he lets us know he knows the tricks. And this is the kind of innocence which he has got—an innocence about giving himself away, a total candour. He exposes his tastes, his fantasies, his habits, his background in a way that closely recalls Stanley Spencer, and it's the Spencer chapel at Burghclere that I think of in looking at the series of long pictures unfolding themselves like a frieze round the walls of the upper room at the Beaux-Arts. He has Spencer's peculiar kind of homespun, corny strangeness, Spencer's dotty sort of eroticism, Spencer's apparent inconsequentiality, Spencer's all-embracing eye which does not really embrace all but only the picturesque, and Spencer's complete unabashed indifference to all life other than that relating to his personal life. But Spencer is, always is, a religious artist; to what faith outside painting is Bratby's art given? Curiously enough, it does give the impression of being based on a faith and of serving to justify a faith. The faith is in life itself, a faith that many profess nowadays, but few seem to manage to feel with enough conviction to give it conviction in paint.

As a painter Bratby is like Spencer in not really being a painter but a draughtsman. True, he does not merely make a drawing, as Spencer does, and fill it in with lifeless paint: he does make the paint itself the medium of his vision. But he doesn't paint with it, he draws with it. His paintings are made up of a kind of handwriting, like Van Gogh drawings, and indeed the marks he makes with the brush seem more derivative from Van Gogh's pen-strokes than from any kind of painting. The fact that his paint is thick, is very much in evidence, is no more inconsistent with the notion that his technique is essentially graphic than it is in the case of an artist like Mathieu.

Like Spencer's work, Bratby's has a decidedly provincial look (probably because of the homespun quality). This is not to denigrate it: on the contrary, now that art has become so internationalised that it seems to have no roots in life, in any particular kinds of life (for life has not become as wholly internationalised as art, in spite of Coca-Cola and Sophia Loren), it is as well if the artist who is not international in *stature*—and how many are? A score at any time, perhaps—is not international in style. Bratby's art, above all, the kind of fantasy that it proposes about what life is, is exceedingly English. And, like Spencer's, it is the anglicisation of a French style, in Spencer's case Nabism, in Bratby's the style of Matisse. I don't know how consciously Bratby has borrowed Matisse's methods of design but reminiscences of Matisse compositions can be found all over this exhibition—in particular, reminiscences of the studio interiors with figures painted around the turn of the century, of the studio interiors of around 1916, and of interiors of the 1920s with windows and the views through them in the background.

Bratby, moreover, has done with Matisse very much the same thing as Spencer did with Nabism: he has complicated it with a fantastic profusion of detail. This has led in Bratby's case to the creation of perspectives as complex and uneasy and ambiguous as those of Italian mannerism. In the space of a single picture we find juxtaposed two or three different depths of space, space that here swoops into the distance, there runs up against an unexpected blank wall, now curves round, now straightens; elsewhere, the space in front of a conservatory, the space through the door, the space behind the glass; elsewhere—in the oddest and finest picture in the exhibition—the space within two paintings in a studio and the space of the studio. This, of course, is a Matisse theme, but it was never treated by Matisse with the same manneristic elaboration or perverseness, not least because in the studio we see the painter painting and the two pictures we also see are also of the painter painting.

Bratby's achievement in these new works is above all, I think, to have created a space of such disturbing complexity without ever destroying the unity of the picture-surface. It is the endlessly exciting way in which these pictures are at one and the same time spacious and flat that makes them so exhilarating. When he first appeared, Bratby was considered a brilliant but chaotic painter. Three years later, he composes like a master.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Enter Yugoslavia

ONE week we complain because Chaplin isn't quite Chaplin; the next American and British products flood back, only too much themselves. We have seen them before, no doubt we shall see them again, and any flicker of originality here is like a snarl in a company prospectus.

Don't go to *Jeanne Eagels* (Gaumont) unless you are susceptible to the last fading lights of *Sunset Boulevard*. Its famous heroine is someone one's never heard of; she triumphed, if the film is to be trusted, inexplicably in *Rain*; she stole the play from an actress who drank, and then drank herself; and she had a faithful lover, who stuck to her memory and preferred her in the days when her act preceded a seal's on Coney Island – this gives the chance of stuffing in quite a bit of circus film, too. It is all somehow, ruthlessly, show business; and a new ruthless girl is ready to step in when the other goes out, which she does, drunk, down a ladder. The worst parts are the stage glimpses; Kim Novak manages the alcoholic *réclame* better, Jeff Chandler is her pursuer among the giant racers, and Agnes Moorehead has to act down jauntily so as not to take the shine off others. The drearier this kind of film is the longer they have to make it. It crams its starch into us for 110 minutes. One hundred minutes are required by *The Delicate Delinquent* (Plaza), where 25 would have done. There are, in fact, the makings here, with Jerry Lewis solo, of a two-reeler, and those who think he may one day be a comedian can go on hoping. His electrical experiments, colloquies with an inventor, and lapses into Japanese are really quite funny. But his urge to be a policeman, to reclaim delinquents, and to sing to himself next to dustbins is not.

Bad British films are almost redeemed by the obvious joy of everyone taking part in them. *High Flight* (Empire) brings us Cranwell, or Little by Little. The temptations are to cut training and prove at once you're a great pilot; the Head will scowl at you, because he'd done just the same when he was young – in fact killed your father in the war doing it. Which gives you some pull in avoiding expulsion. If you're a bit Cockney – not too much, though – you might cultivate a moustache and design a flying saucer, to crash the high-ups' tea party. And sergeant will bark at you, and the Head's wife will graciously dance with you, and soon there is Farnborough shining ahead – will you make it? The only person in all this who seemed to be unhappy was Ray Milland as Head; but then he was meant to be, and I'm sure he must have relished being thoroughly English. It was a mistake, though, to show the factual *Battle of Britain* by Humphrey Jennings as an appetiser. *Campbell's Kingdom* (Odeon) does better with rough stuff about oil and dams in Canada. The hero, with only six months to live, performs prodigies of toughness, which bring him not only oil but a reversal of medical judgment. Dirk Bogarde plays him with pale zest, and Stanley Baker is the villain, and there's a breeze of excitement.

For real film-making, however, we must look to the festival of Yugoslav films at the National Film Theatre, Sept 14-Oct 4, and we shall not be disappointed. The opening film, *Don't Look Back, My Son*, will already have come and gone by the time these words appear; but I've no doubt it will be repeated. Indeed, it should form part of every self-respecting repertory. The theme of Occupation still haunts this very nationalistic people and fresh and terrible is its evocation here. I don't know that this cross-section of common

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life under stress isn't superior to any of the early Italian films of the kind; and certainly the relationship of partisan father and his small boy rescued from a Nazi school strikes deeper. All the nightmare occurrences, escape from a death train, curfew, families divided, the round-up, the suddenly erected barrier, the confusion of informer and helper, are brilliantly visualised, and the film ends with tragic action startlingly patterned. The director, Branko Bauer, started as a news-reel man in the war, and is a sympathetic realist to be reckoned with. The other film shown to press, and with which the festival will end in early October, is its opposite in many ways; comic, old-world, picturesque, and in colour. Soja Jovanic's *It's Not Easy to Get Married* bounds along with an exuberance of character and fun, and we get to know this old village very well, with its two battering priests, clucking housewives, and young barber with a guitar; even the showers and ducks in the street grow familiar, and very prettily the camera strays to them. Between these two films are five others, mostly concerned with war and occupation, and if they reflect anything like the same passion and skill, they are not to be missed.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Island Viewpoint

MOST of the peoples of the Mediterranean and Aegean islands (which I have been touring for the last few weeks) have no practical experience as yet of the blessings of television. The Greeks, indeed, have a less mongrel word for it, but the thing itself has not yet begun to check their natural propensity to talkativeness; it will be interesting, some day, to see whether even television can chronically reduce a Greek pavement café crowd to the numb, goggling trance which is in any case a more natural evening condition in the taciturn North.

That day will occur quite soon, probably in the first week of October, in the only Greek Island still technically British—Cyprus. This island's many masters through the ages have all left relics of their respective civilisations—Byzantine churches and crusaders' castles, a marble goddess or a mosque. Britain's main contributions may be found by future tourists and archæologists to have been the barracks and the TV aerial.

The tests made so far (they finish this weekend) have been successful; but the project is on a modest experimental scale. Programmes are likely to be visible only within ten miles or so of Nicosia, in the island's central plain; and people are not yet being encouraged to buy sets (which cost, duty-free, about £60), though some dealers have been acquiring considerable stocks. One would suppose the inauguration of a television service to require immense capital investment: in fact, in this first year, the Cyprus Television Service is costing only some £75,000, because most of the transmission equipment has been obtained on loan from Marconi's. At first, too, it is doubtful whether programmes can be put out every night: two or three times a week seems more likely, and that only for an hour or two a night.

This is principally because Mr John Proud, the Australian-born, ex-Naval officer who runs the service, is determined to build up and train a Cypriot staff rather than to import large numbers of ready-made experts from Britain, and to let the programmes grow naturally with the staff. About a dozen key people were sent to be trained in Britain; and, by chance, two Cypriot technicians were found working in ITV and induced to return home (for about the same pay that they were getting in London).

Special problems face the creators of a television service in such an island as Cyprus. The main one is the problem of language: essentially, Cyprus is bilingual, and its two languages are Greek and Turkish; but film imports, which have to be relied on a good deal, are mostly in English. These films will be broadcast with explanatory introductions and interpolated comments in Greek and Turkish: with this assistance, it is expected that Cypriot viewers will learn quite painlessly to worship such gods of the new culture as Robin Hood, Wyatt Earp, and Andy-Pandy. (I am glad to report that they are not going to be exposed to *Superman* or *I Love Lucy*.)

Live outside broadcasts will be impossible at first: to set up an OB unit costs about £65,000. Instead, there will be at least one live studio programme a night (interviews, panel games, cultural talks), and a film unit under Mr Reno Wideson, the well-known and gifted Cypriot photographer, is making documentary films of the island, its life and history. (The first is about St Barnabas.) Unfortunately, films still have to be sent for processing to England, a slow and expensive business; they hope to be able to do their own processing next year.

The CTS is, of course, being inaugurated under government control; but its commercialisation is being considered as a possibility—partly because it is thought that a service subsidised by, *e.g.*, Keo Beer will seem to the viewers more genuinely indigenous than a service financed mainly by an alien Treasury. There is, naturally, among patriotic Cypriots, deep suspicion of any agency or organ of their imperial overlords; but if those running the CTS succeed in their present intention of keeping it free from official propaganda, this service might provide a useful outlet for much promising local talent at present insufficiently exercised, and a harmless, if small, start in the essential work of repairing an ancient friendship that should never have been broken.

It can, further, be claimed that the Cyprus Broadcasting Service (which Mr Proud also runs) is less inept than it was three years ago, when it used to be conducted in accordance with such sublimely dotty directives as one which banned all mention, even in news bulletins, of Archbishop Makarios. Sound-radio (inevitably, in the circumstances) does contain a strong official propaganda element; but at least the gist of the Archbishop's statements in New York have been reported with some semblance of objectivity. Here, too, there are limited possibilities of co-operation and of a *rapprochement* at the cultural level: one of the most popular sound-radio programmes broadcast in Cyprus—listened to in many thousands of peasant homes and coffee-shops—is a serial reading, in modern Greek, of the *Odyssey*. It is hard to imagine a BBC Light audience preferring *Beowulf* to *The Archers*!

TOM DRIBERG

Chinese Classical Theatre at Drury Lane

The Chinese Classical Theatre (Formosan version) seemed to me rather more classical and less theatre than the authentic Pekinese touring company that we saw in 1955. It contains no propagandist items and too little of the marvellous Chinese tumbling. I preferred the Pekinese version of the delightful fight with the wicked innkeeper in the dark, and I would have liked to have seen a repetition of that most charming mime about the young girl and the fisherman. Most of the evening is dedicated to the elaborately stylised ballets based on traditional stories from ancient Chinese history. The pageantry of these could scarcely have been more splendid. One

needs to see them a number of times to understand them. When I saw a full-length performance of one of them in Peking, I could not follow its contents. At the present show one is provided with a programme which explains such things as that an actor who carries four flags on his back is an important general, that to have a scarlet face indicates 'high integrity and dignity', that a white-powdered face denotes 'treachery and power', and that a black-faced man is 'honest and upright but ill-tempered'. Even such points as that when the warrior queen climbs on a table with her entourage she is watching the battle from a hill are not obvious without the explanation. Nor did I know before that an actor 'who laughs heartily' is 'an upright gentleman'. The two actors who gave me greatest pleasure were both in female parts. One of them, deliciously acting a coquette, sewing and flirting at the same time, is a boy. I am still hoping that the other, to whom I lost my heart, is a girl. The show is so very creditable that the Chinese authorities, reasonably aggrieved by the fact that this company calls itself 'The Operatic Group of the Republic of China', need not worry overmuch if some people think it comes from Peking.

K. M.

Correspondence

ATOMIC WAR

SIR,—It is mad of me to take on Mr Crossman, but two points in his review of Dr Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* cry for attention. First, he over-estimates the authority that should be attached to this work. To call it 'the quintessence of US high-level thinking on this subject' and declare that it provides 'an authoritative demonstration" of what is or is not acceptable to the Pentagon is as misleading as it would be to attach to the recent Chatham House report *On Limiting War* the authority of a government White Paper. The committee which produced the report was certainly 'select' in that it contained some of the ablest thinkers on strategy and foreign policy in the United States; but most of its members were men of independent standing, and the only soldiers to take part were either retired from active service or comparatively junior in rank. What Kissinger thinks today the Pentagon may think tomorrow, but it has certainly not got there yet, and it would be unwise to assume that it ever will.

Secondly, Mr Crossman belittles Dr Kissinger's arguments for limited nuclear war by throwing up at him an objection which his book repeatedly faces and overcomes. They are based, says Mr Crossman, on 'the assumption that, whereas the Russians will not agree to any control or limitation of armaments, they will agree to fight limited wars under rules drawn up to ensure American victory!' I hold no brief for Dr Kissinger, many of whose arguments strike me as pretty fantastic, but he certainly deserves better than this. He makes it quite clear that he does not regard any agreement in advance as a *sine qua non*. His contention is that by suggesting some form of limitation we would at least throw the onus of rejecting it on the Russians—and sheer self-interest may guide them to accept. 'The fact that Soviet leadership may stand to lose from a limited nuclear war,' he writes, 'does not mean that it could profit from an all-out war. On the contrary, if our retaliatory force is kept at a proper level and our diplomacy shows ways out of a military impasse short of unconditional surrender, we should always be able to make all-out war seem an unattractive course.' In this sentence, as in many others, Dr Kissinger deals with this obvious stumbling-block. The onus is surely on Mr Crossman to show why he thinks the argument invalid?

MICHAEL HOWARD

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SIR,—R. H. S. Crossman's conclusions on the nuclear stalemate are as absurd as those he criticises coming from Mr Kissinger. Having accused Mr Kissinger of being a 20th-century Grotius and of being naive in thinking the Russians would abide by rules for nuclear war, Mr Crossman proceeds to follow the very same naive line of thinking himself. Instead of a rule that wars must only be limited nuclear ones, Mr Crossman wants a rule that all wars must only be 'conventional' ones. But are the Russians or anyone else any more likely to abide by Mr Crossman's rule than by Mr Kissinger's (especially if about to lose the war by sticking to the rule)?

As Mr Crossman says, the idea that a limited nuclear war is possible is ridiculous. Equally ridiculous is Mr Crossman's own idea that 'conventional' wars will remain conventional. There is only one sane road out of our nuclear nightmare world and that is the repudiation and renunciation of all kinds of war. The sooner this country dispenses not only with nuclear weapons but with 'conventional' weapons too, the safer we all shall be.

ALEC STRACHAN

Glasgow W2

DISARMAMENT FAILURE

SIR,—One seldom gets the opportunity of trouncing Mr Zilliacus for getting his facts wrong, but he is certainly either misled or misleading in saying that the TUC has demanded an agreement 'to suspend tests without waiting for agreements on anything else.' The TUC resolution was actually self-contradictory. Its first paragraph called for a ban on nuclear manufacture and tests—a proposal more acceptable to the West than to the Soviet Union. Its second paragraph called for a ban on tests unconditionally. Just what the TUC meant, we shall never know. But it is certainly not fair to assume that the second paragraph was valid and the first invalid.

I had the opportunity, as correspondent of *France-Observateur*, of questioning Mr Zorin about the proposal made by the TUC for the ban on manufacture and tests. He told me emphatically that this would not be acceptable to the Soviet Union, unless it were accompanied by a declaration outlawing nuclear weapons in all circumstances. Mr Zorin, of course, assumed, as Mr Zilliacus does, that the real intentions of the TUC were contained in the second paragraph of this muddled resolution; but I cannot see why one should make this assumption unless one is interested in making a propaganda case.

Mr Zilliacus's general argument is that the onus of failure of the conference is on the West. I have spent a good deal of time during the last six months questioning spokesmen and diplomats of the British, American and, particularly, Soviet and French delegations. The French, as leaders of the powers without nuclear weapons, have fought all along (with British support) for the closest of links between the ban on tests and the 'cut-off' in production. At the beginning of the conference, they fought for the two measures to come into effect simultaneously. Their argument was that they were not prepared, and nor was their National Assembly, to abandon the right to carry out tests while countries which had already held tests were producing nuclear weapons. The Americans did considerable work, not always too delicately, in forcing France and the other countries concerned to change their position. And the final western plan did represent a considerable move towards the Soviet position.

The tests would have stopped almost immediately—as soon as agreement had been reached on the principles covering the first stage of a disarmament agreement. The plan did not insist even on agreement on the details of inspection, to ensure that nuclear production had ended. To encourage the Russians still further, the western plan was specifically tendered as a basis 'for negotiations'. The Russians were not prepared even to try to negotiate. They wanted an unconditional ban on tests. Even if they had got that, they would have to proceed to discuss the other aspects of a first-stage agreement, as they admit themselves, and the western plan made as good a basis as any other.

When the conference began, I was personally strongly in favour of a ban on tests for health reasons, and by no means prejudiced in favour of the

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Americans. But, as the conference proceeded, it became clear that, on this occasion at least, the 'peace party' in America had the upper hand over Admiral Strauss, Admiral Radford, Dr Adenauer and the others; and that it was able to kick the French, British and other Nato countries into line, while in Russia the 'forces of war' were stronger than the 'forces of peace'. One may prefer the simplicity of the Russian plan but it happens not to be practical politics at present. And, as Mr Zilliacus above all must recognise, international negotiations consist not in issuing virtuous *diktats* but in showing some readiness to compromise and in obtaining as much as possible without wrecking all hope of agreement. The Russians did not show this readiness and they did wreck the talks.

DAVID ROSS

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SEEING WHAT IT'S LIKE

SIR, – I have just returned from Moscow, after discussing the Youth Festival with dozens of people of different nationalities, including the responsible Russians. May I reply to a letter attacking me in your issue of 31 August? I do assure the author that I share his anxiety about increasing East-West contacts. Indeed, it was for this reason that I started the idea of the Soviet Relations Committee of the British Council, of which I am chairman. This committee has already promoted or assisted 40 delegations to or from the Soviet Union, and initiated a number of big-scale British-Soviet cultural projects. A few weeks ago, we invited representatives of Soviet youth organisations to visit Britain this autumn, to discuss with British youth organisations and ourselves the expansion of youth and student exchanges on a mutually agreed basis. We have already underwritten invitations to 160 Soviet youths and students to visit Britain in the next 12 months and hope to invite hundreds more.

Why then do I oppose the Moscow Youth Festival and the World Youth Festival Committee? Because they violate the essential principle of all worth-while East-West exchanges: they are organised, not by agreement between representative western and eastern organisations, but by agreement between western and eastern Communists. This is a familiar and pernicious method of running East-West contacts which invariably, in the long run, does more harm than good to mutual understanding.

The only political group represented on the British Youth Festival Committee was the British Communist Party, which supplied the committee with its two executive officers and three of its EC members. Three more EC members belonged to proscribed organisations. To allow a Communist organisation to recruit, organise and speak for British youth at an important international festival is preposterous.

Your correspondent says that the non-Communist's answer should be to join the committee and challenge the Communists' control. But has he ever tried an operation of this kind? It is rough, tough work. And even if the British committee were made representative, it would still have to reckon with the controlling international bodies, WFDY and WYFC, which would probably expel any genuinely independent body – as WFDY expelled the Yugoslav youth organisations when Tito split with Stalin. It is no argument to say that the British Communists did not abuse their power at the Festival. While Communists are building up influence among non-Communists they almost always behave correctly. Then, when they have dug themselves in (or when the international Communist line changes), they use their power for their own purposes.

I would appeal most sincerely to British delegates to the Festival who were non-Communists (as far too many weren't) not to follow the BYFC into its inevitable decline, but to prod their youth organisations, universities, trade unions, MPs etc. into expanding East-West contacts on a fair, representative basis.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons

CHATSWORTH TREASURES

SIR, – There is, I am aware, a large class of journalists for whom the niggers begin at New Cross; it is shocking to find the editor of the NEW STATESMAN among them, eagerly helping to spread the idea that has somehow got around in this country that only in London are there any art galleries or museums worth looking at, and even worse, that only London *should* have any claims to institutions of national standing in this field.

It is certainly right to use the word 'provincial' in its normal derogatory sense if you are referring, in the main, to art of the past produced in provincial centres in this country (though there are of course notable exceptions). But the people in the provinces are just as important as those in London (and there are a lot more of them), and if art galleries have any claim to public support it rests surely on their ability to let as many people as possible see works of art of the highest standard possible. Londoners have far more than their share, even allowing for the accident of their living in the capital. Why add more Rembrandts, for example, to the couple of dozen or so already in the National Gallery? The policy advocated in your 'Comments' this week condemns the provincial to becoming still more provincial in the very worst sense. In the field of art it means still more mediocre topographical water colours and deadly dull portraits: exactly the kind of thing that many provincial galleries have been trying to escape from for years, and I would submit with some success.

It is always argued that everyone can get to London easily. Certainly; therefore they can get *from* London to any provincial centre with equal ease. A serious scholar will in any case have to travel hundreds of miles if he is going to see all the pictures he needs.

The Chatsworth case reverses what many people in the provinces had hoped for: that some of the remaining masterpieces which were too expensive for any provincial gallery ever to hope to purchase on their present scale of financial resources, would in fact become accessible in the provinces owing to the opening up of the great 'stately homes', and that they might ultimately become the property of the nation, which would have access to them in their own localities, and thus help to fill the enormous gap between London and the rest in the accessibility of works of art.

First the government refuses a Royal Commission on the finances and state of the local galleries and museums; this is understandable when they won't even increase grants to the national (London) institutions. But it is not nice to see the NEW STATESMAN following this up by supporting a move to deprive the provinces of what little they have or hope to have in the way of artistic treasures on the grounds that the former owners of these treasures might perhaps gain some small benefit as a result.

Finally I must ask once again why it is that only in this country, apparently, are the provinces not regarded as part of the nation when speaking of national artistic treasures. Genoa, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Bordeaux, Basle – are these 'provincial'?

M. A. PALMER
Curator
Art Gallery
Civic Centre, Southampton

GREENE AND SHAW

SIR, – Mr Graham Greene cannot evade the criticism that the film version of *Saint Joan* is a vulgar travesty of Shaw's intention. Even if one admits that the blame must be shared by Preminger's ham-fisted sentimentalism in direction, which slurs over the dialogue in favour of cheap dramatic effects, and by Miss Seberg who makes Joan a clean-living co-ed sassing her elders, it is still obvious that Shaw's intended emphasis in the play has been lost and this is Mr Greene's fault as a writer and adaptor. 'Writing' in the film sense is not merely a matter of dialogue but also the cutting and adaptation of dialogue and the interpretation of a scene. But the film shows Joan as the crudest kind of miracle worker. The fact of the hens laying, for example, at the end of scene one was presented by Shaw as just the sort of vulgar effect which, however coincidental, would impress people like de Baudricourt when the significant arguments left him cold. Yet the film, through Mr Greene, presents the egg-laying as a kind of triumphant vindication of Joan, and with none of Shaw's comedy. Similarly when the wind changes in the scene with Dunois: Joan hears complaints

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about the wind, close-up of Joan clasping her hands and praying hard and hey-presto. . . . This makes nonsense of all Shaw's arguments, which was that Joan was shrewd and 'did not expect besieged cities to fall Jericho-wise at the sound of her trumpet'. What Shaw saw as miraculous was not the enactment of the improbable but the vindication of spiritual truth in the material world through a girl with clear vision and immense resolution. And why was the epilogue cut and the Gentleman from Rome not allowed to appear? Its retention would not much have lengthened the film. Did Shaw's remarks on the attitude of Church and people to saints prove embarrassingly to strike near home?

HENRY ADLER

3 Roland Gardens
SW7

SIR,—If Mr Greene is serious in his observation that there is nothing in Shaw's *St Joan* offensive to Catholics, then one is tempted to suppose that the charge of ignorance of Catholic doctrine has been laid at the wrong door. Many of the arguments advanced by Shaw in *St Joan* in support of the position assumed by the Church in medieval society are in fact inherently repugnant to Catholic doctrine. It is for this reason that Christopher Hollis in the *Dublin Review* of April 1928 warned Catholics against the danger of seeing in *St Joan* any form of sound apologetics for the claims of the Church.

In his article Mr Hollis found Shaw 'offensive' for a number of reasons, including his imprecise use of the word 'redemption' in the mouth of de Stogumber. Above all, however, he found objectionable the defence of the Inquisition which Shaw expresses through the mouth of the Inquisitor. In Mr Hollis's own words: 'That defence is not a defence of the Inquisition at all. It is a very brilliant and lucid defence of the fascist state. There is in it no hint of supernatural religion. . . . The Inquisitor's appeal is to the accumulated wisdom of the Church'. As the Inquisitor says: 'The new heresy sets up the private judgment of the single erring mortal against the considered wisdom and experience of the Church'. Mr Hollis surely puts his finger on the crux of the matter when he points out that the infallibility of the Church does not in the last resort rest on this sort of argument. 'She claims infallibility because her voice is the voice of God. If that claim is false her conduct is unjustifiable.'

Mr Greene surely does the Church a disservice if he seeks to popularise the notion that the sort of arguments (and miracles) that appear in *St Joan* are not offensive to Catholics. Such an idea can only deepen the suspicion of those, both inside and outside the Church, who are deeply concerned at the apparent relationship between Roman Catholicism and fascist totalitarianism.

JOHN HOBBS

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SEX AND MORALS

SIR,—Thank God for Miss Chapman's letter. It is one of the few comments on the Wolfenden Report which are not marred by smugness or pomposity. I liked particularly the section:

> But if a man is honourable what does it matter whether he is homo- or heterosexual, whether he has a wife or six mistresses? If he brings happiness to those with whom he associates then no one has the right to stand in judgment on him, because that is the only criterion for sexual matters.

It looks startling put like that, but I think it is very much what Christ was trying to tell the Pharisees, especially in the case of the 'woman who was a sinner'. If, as I assume, Miss Chapman's conception of 'honour' includes integrity, tolerance, and consideration, then I am in complete agreement with her. On this basis it is certainly not wrong, and may be very right, for two men or women who are homosexual to live together as partners. On the other hand, it might very well be wrong for a homosexual to marry, since there would be a barrier between man and wife which the wife would not understand. And yet by traditional standards the latter course of action would be right, and the former wrong and perhaps criminal.

Adultery is, I think, very often wrong in that it may cause terrible bitterness and misery in the other partner of the marriage. But circumstances vary enormously, and I believe that Miss Chapman's criterion for sexual matters is very much better than the concept of a universal natural law. Sin can enter into any human relationship, including one based on sexual contact. By sin I do not mean something that ought to provoke disapproval and the clicking of tongues, but a falling short of the best of which one is capable.

It will be a long time before the variety of human nature, and the responsibility of each individual to order his own sex life, will be widely appreciated. One hopes that in time the church will take a lead in the process of enlightenment.

A. HALLIDIE SMITH

1028 Chester Road
Birmingham 24

SIR,—Mr Francis Williams doesn't like my description of the Wolfenden Report as 'The Pansies' Charter'. But isn't that exactly what it is? He doesn't like my statement that 'homosexual behaviour is repugnant to the moral standards of the majority'. But don't the Gallup Poll figures he quotes show that it is? He dislikes my phrase 'legalising moral corruption'. But isn't that just what the proposed change in the law would do? He objects to my referring to those who indulge in the practice as 'degraded men'. But isn't that what they are by good moral standards? He doesn't like me describing their habits as 'bestial'. Aren't they?

He expresses surprise that the leading provincial newspapers should oppose the homosexuality proposal while many of the leading national newspapers support it. Perhaps the explanation may be that provincial newspapers are nearer to their readers and understand better what they think, than some national newspapers. I have often thought that to be the case. And, if I have understood rightly what Mr Williams has said and written in the past, my impression is that he took the same view.

He says that those who oppose the report do so because of 'prejudice and emotionalism'. But wouldn't it be equally fair to say that 'prejudice and emotionalism' play no inconsiderable part in the opinions Mr Williams expresses when he pontificates on politics and newspapers? Or does he really believe that only those who share his views and earn his blessing have unbiased and serene minds?

JOHN GORDON

Sunday Express

PEN ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—For the past six years PEN anthologies of new verse have appeared under the imprint of Messrs Michael Joseph, who will next year be publishing a seventh—*New Poems:* 1958, edited by Bonamy Dobrée, Louis MacNeice and Philip Larkin.

I should be grateful if you would again allow me to invite your readers to submit work for consideration. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors, *New Poems* 1958, PEN, 62 Glebe Place, SW3, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return, and, in cases where an acknowledgment is desired, by a stamped addressed postcard. Not more than *two* poems may be submitted by each poet, and poems which have appeared in book-form cannot be considered, but work published in periodicals during 1957 is eligible. Payment will be made for all poems accepted. Closing date: 31 October, 1957.

DAVID CARVER,
General Secretary
PEN

EDWARD DENT

SIR,—When writing last week about Edward Dent, I was unaware that Mr Lawrence Haward's *Bibliography* had been brought up to date and published last year on behalf of King's College by the Cambridge University Press. My apologies.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Watching a conjuror the other evening produce lighted candles from under his coat, it occurred to me that here was a bit of magic that I could use. As one who has often been intimidated by wine waiters and knowledgeable friends at the Ceremony of Choosing the Wine, I would find one of these intriguing luminaries a boon for blinding such people with a little counter hokum-pocus.

Picture the situation. The wine list has been dissected and analysed, the label inspected from every angle, the cork extracted like a lower molar, the maiden glassful poured. During all this I would remain enigmatically silent. And then—before my knowing friend could pronounce his final verdict—I would whip out my magic candle and study the wine in its amber light, like Merlin with his crystal. I'm told that professional judges of wine invariably do this—without benefit of spontaneously-combusting candles, of course—so it should impress even a wine waiter.

Oddly enough, however, I never have any trouble in pleasing all concerned when I choose a sherry. I know what sherry I like, and I seem to be right in liking Mackenzie's. For my money there isn't another to hold a candle to it.

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The New School Tie

About two-thirds of all the children in Britain between the ages of 11 and 15 get their secondary education in Modern schools. And it is a fair guess that three-quarters of their parents are anxious, rightly or wrongly, about the conditions in which they work and the quality of the education they receive. In the following pages Judith Hubback, herself a parent as well as an experienced teacher, discusses some of the conclusions she drew from an investigation of Modern schools in various parts of England this summer.

For John or Mary to fail the 11 Plus has become one of the liveliest nightmares of present-day family life. Each spring, some half a million children sit for the fateful test which will decide whether they are selected for the prestige and privilege of the Grammar school or the run-of-the-mill four years of secondary modern education. Certainly neither parental nightmare nor child's sense of failure was in the minds of those who framed the 1944 Education Act and who set out to provide for every child in Britain equality of opportunity no less than of esteem. But if education is to fit the needs of individual children – and this is what equality of opportunity must mean – we must evolve some method satisfactory to parents as well as to administrators of selecting children for the most suitable kind of school.

Whether the 11 Plus exam is the best way of doing this, whether the much-discussed Leicestershire experiment ought to be extended, or how far the Comprehensive school is practicable outside the large towns, are matters of legitimate debate. What is clear is that the basis of the parental nightmare is not the fact of selection: it is the widespread conviction that the Modern school is inferior to the Grammar school in social standing, in buildings, in equipment, in quality of staff and in everything else which goes to make up a school; and that, in consequence, the child who goes to the Modern school is being turned into a sort of second-rate citizen all because of his performance on a particular day at the age of 11.

How far is this fear justified? The question is worth asking now, because for the first time it can be fairly answered. Post-war difficulties are over: the 1944 Act is well run in: the local education authorities have had time to formulate their plans, and to go some way in executing them. This month, moreover, sees the great wave of children born in the immediate post-war years – the 'bulge' as it is known in educational jargon – begin to surge into secondary education. The great majority of the children go to the Modern schools. Exactly how many are on the rolls this new term is not yet known; but it is in round figures about 1,400,000 – that is about two-thirds of all the children in Britain between 11 and 15. They are dispersed in 3,650 schools; a figure which compares with round about 1,200 Grammar, 40 Comprehensive and 100 Grammar-Modern or Bilateral schools.

What then is going on in the Modern schools? What is it like to be a pupil? A parent? A teacher? The witnesses are legion – children, staff, parents and administrators. And the shoe pinches some of these more than others, and pinches in different places. If we could assemble all their information, we could produce an enormous patchwork of varying standards and achievements: brown dado tiles in the old 'three-deckers' *and* fresh, bright paint in the new glass-wallers; small asphalt playgrounds on steep slopes (gas-works just over the fence) *and* fine suburban games-fields and tennis courts; bad lessons, dim and dreary lessons *and* good lessons; a violin class in a village *and* poor class-singing in a town; genuinely co-operative staff-meetings *and* no meetings at all; headmaster's room combined with office, library, 'backward-readers' and staff-room, *and* all of these suitably separate; torn jeans and shabby plimsols, *and* self-respecting uniform; intractable social problems *and* easy districts.

The variety is no doubt partly the result of the English genius for experimenting in education as compared with the rigid schematism which is almost everywhere apparent in the educational systems of continental Europe. It is partly due to apathy, lack of imagination and bureaucracy in some of the education authorities. Conversely, it is in part due to the vigour and imagination of other local authorities and of individual head-teachers and their staffs. Many of the dreams of 1944 were utopian and unreasonable. But, despite the dark satanic corners which still need to be illuminated and explored, the expectations of those who knew about the past and had a sober view of what was possible have been exceeded even by the patchwork achievement of the last ten years. First, then, let us turn the spotlight on to the successes.

The most striking success – and one which is only just beginning to manifest itself – is a gradual change of attitude on the part of parents. They no longer invariably feel that their sons and daughters are labelled failures for life if they do not get Grammar school places. This change is so far highly localised and has occurred only in some areas; for example, where the Modern schools run advanced courses, for the more intelligent children, leading to internal or public examinations; or in areas where transfer to a Grammar school is possible at sixth-form level; or where such essentials as libraries and sports schemes have been built up; or where pupils are systematically prepared for entry into local industries and where the school generally has developed sufficient flexibility to cater for the varying needs of individual children. The list of areas where the parents are not yet satisfied would be shamefully long. But in all the better Modern schools I have seen – many of them not inferior in their own way to Grammar schools – the parents are now much more confident about their children's chances of success and happiness than they were. In some places it has been found that a good school can be still further helped by a new ambitious name to enhance its status: the H– High School for Girls, in one of the Home Counties, is a case in point. It has a broadminded headmistress, a post-war building, a uniform, advanced courses in domestic science and catering, a pre-nursing course, much fifth- and even sixth-year work, equal interest in average and below-average pupils, excellent dancing and drama. The parents feel that it really is a High school.

New buildings, too, have proved immensely important in raising the status of the Modern schools, especially since so many Modern schools were originally housed in the old Elementary school buildings. Some of the new buildings are perhaps rather too glassy – teachers in one of them commented to me that it was more comfortable now that they had managed to put up a lot of curtains – but in all of them the high standards of adventurous architecture and interior decoration are a stimulus to a child's taste and imagination. Moving a school into new buildings, with playing fields and the possibility of numerous activities outside the classroom, leads to a great improvement in behaviour; and one of the most intractable problems of our city schools is that far too few have playing fields near at hand. In London and elsewhere where rebuilding has not yet been possible, and wherever Modern schools are housed in the old Senior or Central buildings, valiant attempts have been made to cheer up the dismal surroundings. One headmistress, in Wapping, claims that the repainting of her school last spring in cheerful colours has already had a civilising influence on the children.

In other totally different districts there are other types of achievement to praise. On a cold rainy day last July, I was visiting the Black Country. The staffing difficulties in that part of England are particularly bad – of which more later. In a very dreary building (dustbins prominent on the way to the canteen and far from satisfactory lavatories) – with 640 girls packed into 14 classes along a single corridor, with one small assembly hall and no gymnasium, with a Junior school downstairs and numerous other disadvantages – I found a charming performance of one act of *Coppelia* being done by the B form of 12-year-olds, who had also made the costumes and scenery, under the direction of a first-year teacher. In another room the Careers and English mistress was conducting an aptitude test for the fourth-year leavers. After break, another group was rehearsing a dramatised version of Matthew Arnold's *Forsaken Merman;* while the third-year C form (aged 13) was completing its project on advertisements, in which they had learned how to analyse and to see through much that they would otherwise have swallowed unquestioningly. So in most unpromising surroundings, with six out of the 16 staff members being first-year probationers and two others having no teaching diploma, a great deal of really good work was going on.

The most striking progress has been made in the taking of examinations and this goes a long way to reassure parents who think their child should have gone to the Grammar school. In many Modern schools it is now possible for boys and girls to enter for several subjects in the GCE. Taking one example at random, in an East Midlands boys' school, four boys were doing GCE papers this year, and the parents of 28 from the form below had agreed that their boys should stay on a further year to take various subjects to examination level next summer. This was in a school of 600 boys, but it is an area where 33 per cent. of the local boys go to Grammar schools – most educationists think that one-fifth or at most one-quarter of children are suitable for Grammar school. It might therefore be thought that the boys in that particular Modern school were certainly not GCE types; but some of them are proving that they are. In a Home Counties mixed Modern school of 500 pupils (built for 300, incidentally), the energetic headmaster – who has particularly close relations with local industrial

firms – has managed to persuade an ever-growing number of pupils to put in five years at school. He has been able to do this by running a commercial course, where those who learn typing and shorthand also do the GCE English Language paper and Geography or History. They can therefore compete with the Grammar school leavers when looking for jobs.

This Headmaster runs a pre-engineering class, which at present includes six girls; pupils in this class will take the mathematics and general science GCE papers in 1958. His engineering equipment and teaching are good, and he has persuaded several of the local firms to let his boys start their apprentticeships at 16 rather than at 15, by demonstrating that a fifth year at school is a success. So much good will has been generated that the neighbouring industrialists have given him enormous quantities of paper suitable for technical drawing and enough steel to last the engineering classes for two years.

The headmaster summed up his experiences of the changes of the last few years by saying that he finds the most heartening discovery is that the boys and girls he gets can in fact be mentally stretched to an extent which used to be thought impossible. Another head, a woman this time, confirmed this. In her opinion, she added, the best way of dealing with all the common adolescent difficulties of restlessness and aggressive behaviour is to give the boys and girls steady, regular, quietly-conducted, hard work. In her school of 700 girls in a Middlesex suburb, 12 pupils were taking the GCE this summer in four subjects: each was doing two practical and two academic ones. She was sure they were not being overworked. Homework, incidentally, is now being done by far more children than in the past: it helps to prevent the Modern School pupil from feeling inferior to the Grammar school one. Many parents dislike it, for practical reasons, but they have to learn that Grammar school status is, at least in part, based on hard work.

Such examples may perhaps convey more if they are related to a few other facts. Before the war, for instance, the boys and girls now taking public examinations at Modern schools would have been at Elementary schools and automatically debarred from taking them. Also, at the age of 11, these children had not seemed to be the types who would benefit by advanced courses. Above all, the example of their performance, and the experience gained by their teachers, will be a great help in the next few years as the children of 'the bulge' move through the secondary stage of their schooling. The Grammar schools will not be able to keep on taking the same percentage of children of 11 as they have in the immediate past (poor though this is in some counties) and many who would benefit by a Grammar school course will perforce be in the Modern schools.

Other national examinations are now being taken by many Modern school boys and girls, and some interesting experiments are going on, at different levels, in various counties. In one district, for example, six of the Modern schools are following jointly prepared courses in English and other subjects, and all the fourth-year pupils will take a 'leavers' exam, set by their teachers and corrected by outside assessors. In another county, the whole of one division – about a quarter of the schools – has agreed on its own leaving examination, and the local employers are getting to know it and to trust it. Another set of schools, in yet another part of England, is experimenting with a scheme by which even the least successful pupil will be able to get some sort of certificate which will show that he attained a passable standard in athletic work, in a project of which he himself chose the subject and which involved observation and book-work, and in some sort of service to the school. Small beer? Perhaps, but small beer is better than no beer at all. This is something that even the dullest can work for.

There are a great many other ways in which individual counties, heads and class-teachers are improving our Modern schools every term that passes, so that gradually parents' fears will decrease. The institutes of education and training colleges are alive to the urgent necessity of improving the quality of their work; they are making plans now for the years following 1960 when three-year courses will replace the present two-years. But improvements in some places and laudable plans for the future do not mean that all is well everywhere. In very many places the standard of buildings, equipment, playgrounds and sports fields is still lamentably low. These things matter, and they matter most urgently because of the arrival of the bulge. If the children of the bulge are to be educated during the next few years no worse than their predecessors in the Modern schools – and that is not too well – a great effort will have to be made to improve the physical conditions. For example, the parents of many a country child have still much to complain of – legitimately too. Mothers as well as fathers would endorse the view of a West Country nursery gardener who said to me: 'If Rosemary gets to the Grammar school, she'll be all right; but though both schools are in A –, 11 miles away, they don't trouble to transport the Modern children from here. So she'll still be at the same old village school that I went to 40 years ago. It's not good enough now'.

What matters most, however, is the teacher.

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The complaint about the staffing of the Modern schools is generally based on two grounds – poor quality and insufficient quantity. The worst areas are those where the conditions of teaching and living are unattractive – areas of heavy and ugly industrialisation, the unpleasant parts of large cities and the uninspiring small country towns. Most of those areas do not produce enough teachers from among their local families. Moreover, industrial jobs, the prospects of higher pay in middle age, lure the potential teachers, especially the men, away from the profession. Full employment is one of the greatest problems for those trying to improve the recruitment of good-calibre teachers; and industrial areas have to recruit from Wales, from the seaside towns and from the other more attractive parts of the country. Lodgings are hard to find, and young newly trained teachers in their first hard job easily feel lonely. Far too many of them, therefore, stay only one year, or perhaps two. And that is very bad for their pupils. Many of the women teachers soon get married, and even if they go on teaching a little longer, they are lost to the profession within a few years. One mother said to me: 'My Joyce is not like clever girls who have a different teacher for each lesson and who seem to thrive on it. She needs someone to get to know her. Instead of which, she had seven different teachers last winter. She's thoroughly upset'. At least that mother understood her child's needs: how much more is stability of teachers necessary where little interest is taken at home.

One North Midlands school I visited, where there are normally 17 teachers on the staff, has now only three left of those who were there three years ago. And since September 1949, 82 different teachers have passed through that school. The headmistress, when this term opened recently, had six middle-aged and fairly permanent teachers, four who are just starting their second year and six entirely new young women. These were allocated to her through 'the office' (teachers in this district are taken on by the LEA and may be moved about almost as if they were in military service). On the day I was with her in July she received six formal notices of posting, with no indication of which subjects each new teacher was competent to teach. She was preparing to write asking them to visit her and the school before September; but she had no confidence that they would trouble to come, or even that all of them would turn up when term began.

Another school in a South Midlands town was suffering in July from several other aspects of the present staffing shortage. It was a mixed school. (Fee-paying schools for boys and girls are called co-educational; the state ones are known more bluntly as mixed. There are 876 boys' Modern schools, 881 girls' and 1,893 mixed; some counties, e.g., Cornwall, will soon have no single-sex schools at all.) It had been catering for a basic 750 pupils. This term, over and above the normal first-year intake, 120 extra children were being added from a school which was being closed as part of the county's reorganisation plan. A new wing was being built, but it was doubtful in July if it would be finished in time. The headmaster had been told by the chief education officer that he would certainly have enough teachers by 8 September, when term started. But this meant that the headmaster could not get his timetable fixed until a few days before term. And anyone who imagines a timetable for nearly 900 pupils can easily be made in the last few days of the summer holidays, when countless other administrative and human problems crop up, has no idea of the difficulties involved.

This head's other problem was that the master who had specialised in teaching the slow and backward readers had left, and he did not know who was going to take those children this autumn. They would be form 1D, which would admittedly be rather smaller than the forms of the average children. But there were sure to be at least 35 children, and possibly more. In the A, B and C classes there would be anything from 44 to 49. In Yorkshire and Staffordshire the situation is even more critical. Several schools are staffed at about half strength, and have no alternative but to exclude the children for some of the week. How could 22 teachers deal with 850 pupils? Or 11 with 650? The administrators have the calm of desperation. They do not know where to look for more teachers. The parents are restless and embittered.

I have stated these problems in terms of individual schools, but they are not exceptional in any way. In January, 1956 (the last date for which Ministry of Education figures are available) there were in Modern schools 17,929 classes with up to 30 pupils, and 24,999 with more than 30. And of those over-size classes, nearly 4,000 had between 41 and 50 pupils in them. This, in effect, means that about 175,000 boys and girls were in classes of over 40 for the basic school subjects (of which the most important is English), even if they were divided for the practical subjects.

What of the discipline in such large classes? Here again, there is of course much variety and it would be wrong to give the impression that large classes invariably get out of control. The commonest situation is the dull lesson where the teacher has to concentrate merely on keeping strict order, so that at least some work may be done. How can anyone *teach* in a classroom where it is just possible for the pupils to get to and from their desks, but impossible for the teacher to move about to have a look at their work while they are doing it; where the door can no longer be opened when everybody is sitting down? In such conditions the best of teachers will be hard put to it to know every pupil, to check those who are trying to show off or otherwise play up, to draw out the quick ones and prompt those who find the work difficult. And even if the environment can be overcome, there are often too few textbooks. In many counties the money allowed for books is ludicrously small – the books are old-fashioned and do not belong for the year to the individual pupil, as they do in Grammar schools, but have to be given out for each lesson and collected at the end.

After a period of what is called 'English' in those conditions, the teacher must face 40 or more different individuals and teach them History. What do they care? Some do. Some love copying from textbook into exercise book a drawing of Simon de Montfort on horseback with banner flying, or an Elizabethan galleon or lists of inventors from the blackboard. It is at least something to do. But History may be no more than listening to an over-simplified and falsified summary of the doings of a string of medieval kings. And the faces of the children of such a class do not light up – until the bell goes at the end of the lesson (fortunately only 35 minutes) and they can scramble off to woodwork or art. Think, incidentally, of dealing with 45 boys aged 14, each with a mug of water and five saucers of powder paint, in an art room into which a 46th could hardly squeeze.

Sometimes classes do get completely out of control; not often, admittedly, and more frequently with young teachers than with older ones. Experience does help. But much damage may be done to children in the meantime, particularly to both boys and girls of the most difficult age, which is 13 to 14. In one of the schools I visited the head told me that a few weeks before there had been what she described as 'a real scene', in which a young teacher had lost her temper and her head, and the recalcitrant girl had equally lost hers, so that they came to blows and yelled at each other. Yet, thoroughly harmful though such a demonstration must have been, most children know that even the kindest of parents do lose their tempers on occasion, and are not teachers also human?

Much more disquieting is that we still allow corporal punishment in our schools, although there is much less of it than before the war. The commonest rule is for the head only, together with the deputy head in a mixed school, to be allowed to cane – boys on their seats and girls on

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their hands. There are usually two things at fault when the cane has to be used: first, lack of discipline and love at home, poor social conditions in fact, in which the children become more and more difficult as they come up to the emotional upheaval of puberty; secondly, bad teaching – untrained, inexperienced or unsuitable teachers.

In some schools, elaborate devices are resorted to when a teacher is discovered to be bad at keeping order: sometimes he is put with the first-year children who have not heard stories about him in advance. Sometimes a friendly head or an older teacher makes a point of walking along the passage outside the classroom (up with glass doors!) early in the lesson, while the children are settling down; and once the incompetent teacher has got the lesson going, he can just manage to stagger through the next half-hour. One headmistress of a mixed school, who always tries to put her best staff with the 13-14-year-olds, quoted me the example of a particularly poor teacher she had last autumn. Within a fortnight her class had grown so insolent and out of hand that only the head herself, by teaching them for at least half of every day, was able to restore them to reason.

It is important, though, to realise that such situations are exceptional – the majority of classes do not get out of control, the majority of children are moderately well taught and most of the regular teachers do not have discipline troubles. There are teachers also who prefer tough children to the prim suburban ones. And one of the best persuades the head to let him keep the same boys all the way up the school. He at least can write discerning reports on his pupils. How many fathers and mothers are satisfied with 'Fair' about their son's work? Though school reports in general are a hoary subject for rather poor jokes, many a parent thinks that the particular ones he gets are far from being funny: they tell him nothing at all, or they tell him something he does not believe. If only he could meet the staff, he feels. At some schools he can. But the vast majority of English school teachers are deeply suspicious of parent-teacher associations and very unwilling to overcome their ridiculous prejudice that the associations are happy hunting grounds for busybodies – either Communist- or American-inspired.

In most parts of England there are virtually no 'supply' teachers, as temporaries are called, who can be taken on when regular teachers are away through illness. In a Grammar school, with a strong sixth form, an older pupil can, in an emergency, sit with a younger form and keep it quiet. This is not the case when the oldest in the school are just 15. In the areas which do keep a panel of supply teachers, it is not difficult to get a temporary post if you have any kind of qualification. For example, five passes of the GCE at Ordinary level will do: you can take a supply job. Alternatively, you may be a cheerful citizen of the British Commonwealth working your way round the world in one of the newer forms of Grand Tour. In the summer it is easy enough to hitch-hike across Europe and in the winter, even if you are not a teacher at all, you can get by on a supply teacher's salary. Unfortunately for the children the most likely place for you to find work is in the social-problem areas, where regular staff are in shortest supply; the children are not easy to teach and if they have been taught by several temporaries already, they are unlikely to welcome another. Incidentally, these 'hitch-hiking' supply teachers are not to be confused with the fully-trained Commonwealth teachers who come to England on interchange schemes. When we manage to improve the general staffing situation, they will automatically become unnecessary.

In the same way that it is impossible to describe all that is good in the Modern schools, so it is equally impossible to do more than glance at their most obvious failings. I must mention the failure, in some places, to provide adequate school libraries. The Modern school pupil will normally not be such a book lover as the more intellectual Grammar school pupil; there will probably always be more televiewers among the Moderns than the Grammars. But TV is an instrument to be used rather than an enemy to be unsuccessfully attacked, and viewing sometimes leads to more reading. Where good libraries have been built up through the eagerness and hard work of the English teachers, the results have been very encouraging. I even saw the *New Scientist* as well as *Eagle* and *Girl* in several libraries. But the English staff should have more time for library work. At present much of it is done voluntarily after school hours and at week-ends – another result of the staffing shortage.

Some of the schools' shortcomings can fairly be criticised or laid at the door of unimaginative local authorities. Others are due to social influences totally beyond their control. What, for instance, can the teacher do when the Bermondsey boy, for whose extra English he has given up all his free time, fiercely refuses to use the ticket the school bought him for the Old Vic *Julius Caesar*? The child finally admits that the boys in his street had been making his life impossible; 'and anyway, you didn't know I was on probation, did you? I'm no better than the others. You should see me in the evening'. But the teacher and his family live in a healthy suburb miles away.

While in some Modern schools it is the brightest children who do not get the opportunities they deserve – they might easily have been in the C-stream of the Grammar school if their parents had lived somewhere else – there are other children at the opposite end of the scale who suffer from being pushed in with the rather abler ones. They may be unable at 11 to read as well as the average child of seven or eight and they may land up in a school where none of the teachers can manage that type of child. Or girls of, say, 14, being mentally slow developers, may yet get themselves precociously into sex difficulties; and the school will hear nothing about it until it is too late. But a few instances would distort the general truth, which is neither rosy nor luridly scandalous. For lack of space, the reader will have to accept the statement that some places suffer from great difficulties and manage far less well than others.

It is easy enough both to praise success and to criticise shortcomings. It is trickier to suggest workable remedies for long-standing national problems. But with the children crowding into the schools, this is no time for caution. The keynote to my suggestions is that one basic thing must be improved: the *quality* of the schooling that we give two-thirds of our 11- to 15-year-olds. That depends on three things: the general organisation of secondary education, the numbers of teachers and what goes on in the classrooms.

On the question of organisation, the choices before us are varied. Up to now opinion has been divided, roughly along political lines, as between the Comprehensive schools and what may perhaps be called the more old-fashioned system of separate, selective schools. Now there are various other suggestions and plans of a revolutionary type, such as the Leicestershire-Mason experiment which has started this term and is designed to circumvent selection problems at 11. The Junior school leavers in two suitable districts have all moved into High schools for the coming three

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years; those who will stop school at 15 will stay there for a fourth year (or one or two more terms), and the clever ones, who may have been allowed to leave the Junior school at 10, will move at 13 or 14 to Grammar schools to complete the secondary stage. There are all sorts of excellent educational arguments for this scheme and it is possible that if the Leicestershire teachers take kindly to it, which would ensure its success, it may be followed in other areas.

It is a safe bet that the areas such as Anglesey, London and others where Comprehensives are thoroughly established, or at any rate where their organisation has reached an advanced stage, will continue on those lines. With suitable variations the Comprehensive may turn out to be the best solution in towns of the right size or compact county areas, and the two-tier High and Grammar school system as in Leicestershire will be the best in others. In yet a third type of area, reformed and greatly improved Modern schools may be kept on, with advanced courses on the lines that Southampton and other districts run, and transfers at the age of 15 or 16 rather than at the much more difficult age of 12 or 13. However good the Modern schools become, a very vigorous attack on the problem of selection is necessary to allay the parental dislike of low Grammar school provision in such counties as Rutland and such towns as West Bromwich and Wolverhampton. Nottingham is trying to meet parental criticism by converting a dozen of its Modern schools into Bilateral ones. Parents had been thinking, with reason, that their children would have a better chance in life if they lived in such generous areas as Wales – where Merioneth, for instance, gives 63.5 per cent. of its children Grammar-type education.

Other organisational suggestions are more detailed. In the first place, the slow children should stay down in the Junior school for a year longer, now that the bulge is passing into secondary schools. They could be given the extra attention they need more easily than in the Modern school and would be more likely to make headway if they continued an extra year in an atmosphere which is right for their mental and emotional level. The C stream in the Modern schools would benefit by their absence. Most of them would catch up later, in their 'teens. Secondly, it should become compulsory to do four complete years of work at the secondary level. The present system by which some of the fourth-year pupils leave at Christmas and a second lot at Easter is thoroughly unsatisfactory. The only thing to be said for it is that it relieves overcrowding a little and gives the staff a slight let-up.

The next group of practical suggestions is connected with the training of teachers. There is at present much criticism of the young teachers on the part of more experienced ones, some of it directed towards the beginners themselves and some against the training college tutors and supervisers. Relations between heads and tutors are often poor at the moment because the heads think of the tutors as being men and women who could not bear the hurly-burly and hard work of everyday teaching and who have an easier job telling other people how to do it. One way of melting down this hard feeling of hostility would be for the tutors to do some teaching, for example either one term every three years, or regularly one day a week. I know of one headmistress who has successfully set going an experiment of this sort. Of course there are difficulties, in time-tabling, pay, and so on. But it could be made to work. Its advantages would be very great in terms of the tutor's influence over his students and the conviction with which he could direct their work; also in terms of the schools' confidence in the colleges.

Many heads say that young people now entering the profession have not the calibre, guts, stamina, character or sense of vocation that they had themselves. And although much of that type of criticism can be discounted, the fact remains that anyone who is trained has been able to get a job. But this year for the first time the colleges have been able to be more selective among those applying for admission. The teachers' organisations are intensely keen to keep the standard of entry high, just as they were eager to see the disappearance of the emergency training colleges, because of fear of dilution. But there are strong arguments for attracting to the profession people who are older than the usual Grammar school leavers. Most people agree that the probationary teachers' chief failing is youth. There should be a campaign to attract slightly older men and women to teach.

The Ministry of Education has asked the training colleges to produce more teachers trained for senior work: as enough cannot be produced direct from the colleges, there will have to be more transfers from among the Junior school teachers. That has been happening willy-nilly in the last few months. Junior staff have had their appointments terminated, and they have been able to find work only in Modern schools. There is something to be said for their 'growing up' with the children, so long as they have enough knowledge – it is what most parents do. Many Junior teachers are unduly critical of their Modern colleagues on the grounds that the children change for the worse in their care, but much of the change is due to factors outside the schools' control, and to the simple facts of life.

The Ministry is also asking LEAs to redouble their efforts to make the fullest use of married women teachers, of those over pensionable age and of part-time teachers. Where married women are concerned they are not found to be a good source of supply unless the work offered them is reasonably near home. It is common knowledge that large numbers of married women are in fact teaching, but there are no statistics on the subject. Teaching is the easiest profession for a married woman to follow if she has children still at home. Teachers in many schools I visited agreed that a competent married woman, even if she could come only part-time, would be invaluable. Such women should be urged to come forward. There should be more, fully publicised, refresher courses for them, such as those run in Surrey.

There are other small ways in which the hardest pressed authorities might improve the staffing situation. One is to help with housing by, for example, buying or building houses for teachers, as the police forces have done, or in some other way actively helping the young ones who come new to the district. This would apply particularly in the less attractive industrial areas. Other authorities might offer some financial inducements, in those divisions which are most difficult to staff, either in the form of more posts of special responsibility (these are proportionately far fewer in Modern than in Grammar schools), or by appointing younger headmasters, or in the form of travel allowances. For example, many who teach in the least attractive parts of London live as much as an hour's journey away, and fares are high. Also there should be a small bonus for staying at least two years in the same school and larger ones for three, four and five years. LEAs should refrain from such unimaginative and rigid habits as paying salaries by a draft (not a cheque) which has to be cashed at a particular branch of a certain bank, often unwilling to accept these drafts on Fridays or Saturdays.

My last suggestion is made with a view to improving the standard of teaching—the quality of what actually goes on in the classroom. It is made in the conviction that relations between teachers and pupils, and between administrators and teachers, can be improved. Material factors are important; but people are also deeply affected by their feelings. I suggest that an attitude survey should be undertaken on a national scale to discover what deters many of the best young people from going into the teaching profession, to go into the causes for their changing jobs too often, into the ways in which the education authorities could improve their relations with the schools, and any other aspect of the subject which would immediately occur to any trained industrial psychologist. It is true that countless and varied research projects have been run since the war by members of institutes of education, but news of that type of thing does not filter out far beyond jargon-minded educational circles. We want a large and fully-publicised effort, based on sound information and on deep concern for the best educational principles, which are not at all difficult to ascertain. We may not perhaps want public relations officers, but why not a teaching recruitment centre and a skilful publicity drive? We must face the fact that not enough adults want to pass all their working hours with children. Policy-minded critics may object that the teaching profession gets its fair share of available manpower already and that the pool of suitable people is not inexhaustible. If so, then better deployment, better training and more imagination in the use of the available talent are what we now need.

Only when the bad and mediocre Modern schools are brought up to the level of the best will all our teen-agers have the education they need and deserve. We have a long way to go still.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mozart and the Poets

WRITERS and artists have a good record in the appreciation of Mozart. Ever since Goethe, who compared the composer freely with Shakespeare and wrote a sequel to *The Magic Flute*, they have shown a tendency to take him, and especially his operas, with a proper seriousness – more seriously, it sometimes appears, than his fellow-musicians. True, most of the nineteenth-century composers were lavish in their praise of 'music's divine child'; but their tone was apt to be sentimental and effusive. 'Oh Mozart, immortal Mozart,' said Schubert, 'how many, oh how endlessly many such comforting perceptions of a brighter and better life hast thou brought to our souls!' 'Oh divine Mozart,' said Gounod, 'hast thou reposed on the bosom of infinite beauty, as the beloved disciple reposed on the breast of Christ. . . ?' After this steamy rhetoric it is a relief to read the shrewd comments of Delacroix (who mentions Mozart, it is said, more often than any other creative artist except Rubens) or Amiel's penetrating comparison between Mozart and Beethoven.

It was not a musician, but Peacock, who more than a century ago protested against the then invariable habit of performing *Don Giovanni* without its cheerful finale: the original ending he declared to be 'one of the finest things in dramatic music, and the most appropriate possible termination of the subject'. *Così fan tutte* suffered a worse fate: either it was neglected altogether, or it was patronised as treating a subject unworthy of the composer's genius, or it was fitted out with a completely new plot adapted from Shakespeare or Calderon. Against these prim objections and barbarous perversions who stood firm? Again, not the musicians, but the writers. Edward FitzGerald loved *Così* just as it was; Taine surrendered unreservedly to its poetic charm, and went to see it ten times in the course of a single year. His long and eloquent eulogy is a landmark in Mozart literature: no one before or since has responded so cordially to its sensuous warmth and tenderness, to the diffused aura of happiness and love which fills this most Elysian of operas. 'When Mozart is gay, he never ceases to be noble.'

Now that we are all Mozartians, it is pleasant to see the good old literary tradition maintained: a French poet immersed in *Don Giovanni**, an English poet in *The Magic Flute*†. M. Pierre Jean Jouve has produced a study of *Don Giovanni* which is a curious mixture of the illuminating and the merely rhetorical. If we dip into his introductory essay on 'The Present Greatness of Mozart' (it originally appeared in *Horizon*), we are likely to shut the book with a smile: it is what the French call *de la littérature*. But when M. Jouve proceeds to a detailed analysis of the score, giving bar references in his footnotes, he shows himself an alert and close observer. He notices, for instance, that at the moment when Donna Anna recognises Don Giovanni as her assailant, 'the trumpets ring out for the first time since the Overture'. He characterises her subsequent aria exactly when he speaks of its 'sultry beauty . . . implacable drive and exasperated vehemence'. And he has observed a curious detail in the last scene: when the Don's hand is already in the icy grip of the Statue, the lower strings play an upward-thrusting figure which is almost precisely that with which the violins had accompanied the clash of swords at the first encounter between the Don and the Commendatore.

Such points are illuminating, true, and new to most of us. Against M. Jouve's perspicacity, however, we have to set an inveterate tendency to read deep meanings into formal figures of accompaniment, and to see every character in terms of Freud or Jung. Donna Anna, we read, 'attacked by an unconscious fixation to her father, has transferred to Don Juan her desire to be seduced, to be raped'; while as for the Don himself, whose 'most powerful bent . . . is not towards women' (but towards himself), 'he is for ever seeking the Archetype, the unattainable mother whom he longs to possess, who alone can bring him peace and quiet, whom he has come to resemble by the process of introjection'. Don Juan's Mum! Fancy the faces of those hard-pressed theatrical purveyors, Mozart and Da Ponte, if questioned about *her*! All such interpretations tend to ignore the hand-to-mouth theatrical conditions in which operas like *Don Giovanni* were born; they remind us of the lengthy treatises which used to be written about 'psychological problems' in Shakespeare before Professor Stoll came along to show us how many of these problems were imaginary, the natural consequence of standard Elizabethan stage practice. Because *Don Giovanni* is a masterpiece, we are loth to face the truth – that it was run up in a hurry by a composer with a tendency to procrastinate and a librettist distracted by two other tasks; its various uncertainties and confusions are largely the result of hasty patchwork. Needless to say, M. Jouve, as an ultra-romantic interpreter, is dead against the buffo finale; unlike Peacock, he wants the opera to end with Don Giovanni's descent into Hell. All the same, his book yields much enjoyment.

It is easy to see why modern poets feel the spell of opera, a great traditional form of theatrical art which is at once highly artificial and widely popular: their love may well be tinged with nostalgia. Mr Auden, especially since he has lived in Italy, has become an opera fanatic. Together with Mr Chester Kallman he wrote the libretto for Stravinsky's opera, *The Rake's Progress;* and in response to the commission of an American television company the same authors have collaborated in translating *The Magic Flute* and are now at work on *Don Giovanni*. What they offer is rather more than a simple translation: they include a 'Proem' which casts unwarranted aspersions on Pamina's father, a witty 'Metalogue' intended to be spoken (God forbid!) by the singer of Sarastro, and an equally amusing 'Postscript' from the Queen of Night to the translators; moreover, they propose sundry alterations and rearrangements in the familiar drama as Mozart and his collaborators left it. They have freely adapted the tedious prose dialogue into the more fanciful medium of rhymed verse – in principle and often in practice a change for the better; and they have switched the order of the episodes in Act 2 so that Pamina's scenes with Monostatos and the Queen shall follow, instead of preceding, the trial of Tamino's silence. This too seems in many respects an improvement; anyhow, the original dramatic scheme is so loose that we need feel no compunction in tampering with it. It was not however so good a notion, nor a necessary consequence of the other changes, to make Sarastro's 'In diesen heil'gen Hallen' into a soliloquy; the famous aria is a homily, not a prayer.

What of the translation in itself, as a singing text for use in the theatre? How does it compare with Dent? There are frequent flashes of poetry and imagination, and some neat, well-turned jokes guaranteed to make an audience laugh. But there are also obscurities, and a certain want of unity in the tone, a careless veering from style to style. Occasionally Messrs Auden and Kallman give us tricky internal rhymes in the bright Broadway manner of Mr Howard Dietz. Mr Dietz was the man who made a new version of *La Bohème* for the Metropolitan (it has since been scrapped) and included in Rodolfo's Narrative the lines: 'But I'm the kind of millionaire/ Who is willing to share with all/The wherewithal of plenty'; and in a similar vein the Auden/Kallman Papageno sings: 'So then if I fulfil each trifle here/And stifle fear,/No wife'll still appear'. But only two lines earlier Tamino is given a couplet, 'Who has the light of wisdom seen/Will not avow your vengeful Queen,' which is surely a perfect specimen of the bad old conventional 'operese' against which the translators are in revolt.

Their frequent habit of writing a syllable for every note where Mozart had slurred two notes over one syllable tends to alter the character of some of the tunes: for instance, it makes the Pamina/Papageno duet sound less smooth and caressing than in the original. Here is the opening quatrain of Papageno's entrance-song:

> The lark, the ruddock and the willow-wren
> And the jolly nightingale I ken;
> In vain do all the pretty little creatures fly
> When they the tall bird-catcher spy.

The ruddock is as obscure to American as to English ears, and in the last line the word 'bird' falls awkwardly on a short dotted note; but the main objection to these lines is that the multiplicity of extra syllables makes the tune jerky and retards the singer. The authors think that '*The Magic Flute* should sound more staccato than *Die Zauberflöte*', but offer no reason for this belief except that 'the English language has fewer syllables than the German which sound well when spread over more than one note'. Is that true? English folksongs and ballads are full of words spread over two or more notes. Consider the well-known air in *The Beggar's Opera*, 'Were I laid on Greenland's coast'. Each of the first four syllables is spread over two notes, and the same pattern is repeated in the next two

* *Mozart's Don Juan.* By PIERRE JEAN JOUVE. Translated by ERIC EARNSHAW SMITH. *Vincent Stuart.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

† *The Magic Flute.* English version by W. H. AUDEN and CHESTER KALLMAN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

lines, always with the most natural and easy result. Substitute 'Were the little lady laid on Greenland's coast' in the manner of the Auden/Kallman Papageno lyric, and the song would lose its rapid gait and airy lilt.

If such a thing were possible, one would like to pinch various bright ideas from this new translation and make a conflation between it and Dent; but, if we are forced to choose one or the other, there is no doubt that Dent is the more consistent in tone and the more considerate to the music and the singers. And, after all, it is the music that counts; however much enlightenment and profundity we may choose to read into the Schikaneder/Giesecke libretto, we must allow that without the music it would be only a quaint old pantomime from the Viennese suburbs with an incongruous top-layer of Masonic ideas. Once or twice in each act, it is true, these theatrical carpenters managed to present Mozart with some situation so deeply in accord with his genius that they deserve a modest share in the credit for the sublime consequence. The Trial by Fire and by Water is the most famous instance. Another – perhaps the most inexplicably moving instant in opera – is the scene in which Papageno plays his bells and sets Monostatos and his black slaves, and with them all the evil and ugliness in the world, helplessly dancing. Such scenes as these explain the enduring hold of the opera, text and all, on the poetic imagination.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Grandfather

Once he passed eighty, the old man tired;
His milky second wife had tantrums every day
Over the nine proud daughters he had sired
Upon a long-dead saint; and they,
Removed and married from his rich estate,
Bothered him daily with a needless stealth
In common love and duty to relate
Their petty news and ask about his health.
His thick white hair seemed merely blond as theirs,
They boasted to their friends, his teeth as sound,
His wits as agile as his youngest heirs'.
They said he'd walk for miles his watered ground,
By his word made grassy as an English home,
To order the fruits and flowers he found
The peacock plenty of the southern sun
Ripened unflawed, to make life beautiful.

But he could never rest. Nothing was his,
Godlike, to enjoy alone. His animal
Dimensions demanded the antithesis
Of godlike calm. He was his own man still.
He took to driving out beyond the sphere
The women knew, to exercise his will
In unknown businesses. For many a year
They were afraid to ask him where he'd been—
And when at last he died, their fears blazed.
But they were wrong; each claim had passed his screen
And got its due. The patient lawyers raised
No end of land and stock: item his love—
The bright free darlings of his bitter age,
A string of racehorses!—beyond, above
Possession, things bought in his rage
For his delight alone, or else to flout
His heirs, they thought, as he infirmly gazed
Upon them wildly running and his time ran out.

MAIRI MACINNES

Pearl Harbour

Day of Infamy. By WALTER LORD. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

At 9.30 in the evening of Saturday 6 December 1941, General Walter C. Short looked down over Pearl Harbour at the blaze of lights from the dockyard and the capital ships of the Pacific Fleet. War was on his mind: Washington had sent him a general warning that the Japanese might be about to strike, and General Short had ordered the planes under his command to be drawn up in neat rows as a protection against sabotage – and, as it turned out, splendid targets for the bombers at that moment parked on the flight decks of Japanese carriers about 300 miles north of Oahu. General Short sighed thoughtfully as he looked at the ships. 'Isn't that a beautiful sight', he remarked: 'what a target they would make'. He had only ten hours to wait.

There are few military surprises to compare with the attack on Pearl Harbour: it was sudden and overwhelming. And though Mr Lord's vividly written reconstruction glosses over the defects in the American command—he makes the most casual of references to the long congressional inquest on the whole affair—he cannot conceal its failure to take elementary precautions, the inadequacy of its warning systems, and the breakdown of communications and command that inevitably followed. True, Sunday morning is a hell of a time to start a war. But the first shot in it was fired at 6.45, when a boatswain's mate with the improbable name of A. Art had fired the No 1 gun of the destroyer *Ward* at a submarine. The *Ward*, moreover, had been searching for a submarine since, at 3.58, the minesweeper *Condor* had reported a contact. Admiral Kimmel, the fleet commander-in-chief, heard a garbled account of this encounter only at 7.40. At 7.02, a primitive and inadequately staffed radar installation had picked up the Japanese air formations while they were still at least 120 miles out. But the first warning that came to the men manning the 'beautiful targets' was the roar of the torpedo bombers as they settled for the run in on Battleship Row—and even then some mistook them for visiting Russians or army planes on exercise. It was 8.00 as the Marine band on the *Nevada* began to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner' for morning colours, missed a beat as bullets stitched between the two rows of bandsmen and shredded the flag, and played on to the end of the anthem before breaking ranks. Then the chaos began as, almost untroubled, the bombers picked their targets.

From 577 informants, of whom 464 provided eye-witness accounts, Mr Lord has built up his story. A radioman on the *Tennessee* took out a new pair of shoes to start the war right . . . a shock case on the hard-hit *California* sat absently typing 'now is the time for all good men' . . . a cornet player loaded his instrument on to the shell-hoist for the anti-aircraft guns . . . a corporal watched his sergeant pedalling along on a cycle, head down, shooting his .45 in the air . . . the driver of a large crane drove it up and down the dockside to keep low-flying planes off a battleship and two destroyers in the dry-dock . . . high officers watched helplessly from their bungalows while junior ensigns fought their ships or subordinates tried to work them out of the trap . . . soldiers and dockers were handling naval guns they had never seen before. And, of course, as men struggled to get their hands on anything that would shoot, there was the inevitable supply officer on Ford Island who took a

firm stand: 'no .30-calibre machine guns without a BuSandA 307 Stub Requisition'. This is a moment of truth, when the machine has broken and its operators are left to their own devices, to be brave, ingenious, useless, or downright stupid, according to their lights and opportunities.

I found this part of Mr Lord's book compelling reading. The appalling shock of the attack has left an enduring imprint in American attitudes; the fear of being caught again, of the split-second onslaught from a clear sky, has played its post-war part in making the US both security-conscious internally and jumpy about its military preparedness. The desire not to be played for a sucker twice led President Truman to his decision to take action immediately in Korea, and its larger consequences can be seen in American policy and strategic dispositions throughout the cold war. Yet Mr Lord, who likes to make his books neat, uncontroversial and popular (this volume is as much the boy scout's view of history as his earlier book on the *Titanic*), does not hint at these wider implications.

From a strictly military point of view, the only thing about this day of infamy that is more incomprehensible than the breakdown of the US command is the decision of Admiral Nagumo not to send in a second strike to complete the devastating work of the first. Oahu lay wide open: the attack could have been pressed, and even followed up by scratch landing-forces. When one reflects on what the loss of the Hawaiian islands would have meant to American strategy in the Pacific, Nagumo's willingness to wound but not to move in for the kill was a fantastically expensive miscalculation. Admittedly he did not know where the American carriers were. But by default he lost a prize as important as anything at stake in the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Ego-Triplets

The Three Faces of Eve. By C. H. THIGPEN and H. M. CLECKLEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

Multiple personality is a strange and fascinating disorder, commoner in fiction than in real life. In the literature of psychiatry there are only seventy-six more or less fully fledged cases. They are classified along with the border-line hysterical, or hysteriform, 'twilit' states, and are not to be confused with schizophrenia. In the latter the psyche is fragmented or fissured, like the cracked china of the homely metaphor, whereas in the multiple personality the various entities, of which there may be more than two, remain integrated though in isolation from each other.

This book is the story of one of, if not the most remarkable case of multiple personality yet recorded. Not since Morton Prince's famous Miss Beauchamp, with her alter-ego, Sally, has there been so striking an instance of dissociation.

The patient, Eve White, a shy mousy little person in her twenties, married, with one child, was sent to the clinic in Georgia attended by the two American psychiatrists who have written this joint study of her, because she complained of headaches. At first she showed no abnormality whatever. She admitted to some stress in her personal life but it did not seem to be more than she could cope with.

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into a different woman, a pert, lively, wisecracking, self-confident relaxed little cutie who was not only mentally unrecognisable but who made a quite different physical impression. She called herself Eve Black, declared she was unmarried and had no child. She knew all about Eve White and her troubles and took a detached, rather contemptuous but not unfriendly attitude towards her. Later a third personality, Jane, appeared, seemingly more stable and responsible than Eve Black, less nervous and 'sub' than Eve White.

All three personalities were interviewed and tested over a period of months, remaining separate and distinct. When Eve White at last decided to divorce her husband they reacted characteristically. Eventually Eve White suddenly remembered a terrifying experience with her grandmother's corpse, which she had undergone at the age of four, and thereafter an integration took place. Eve Black disappeared. The new personality was a blend of Jane and Eve White with Jane in the ascendant. She recovered and remarried.

It is an extraordinary story and the authors are much too impressed by its strangeness and complexity to accept any single incident of fright or stress as accounting in full for the disorder. In one chapter they indulge themselves by providing alternate Freudian and Jungian explanations of some features of the case; they might, however, have paid more attention to Freudian theories of the origin of the personality and the incorporation of the super-ego. Their study is very thorough, including detailed results of the various tests carried out on the different personalities, which form one of the most interesting and valuable features of the book. It leaves you twitching with curiosity about the strange integrative faculty of the mind, and its expuisite serial feats of *multum in parvo*.

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A Charming Romantic

Bettina. By ARTHUR HELPS ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

Bettina von Arnim, the subject of this biographical portrait, was a splendid specimen of the romantic temperament at its most engaging, and lucky enough to be thrown among kindred spirits in the age of sensibility, when romanticism was all the fashion. Born in 1785, a Brentano, of mixed German and Italian parentage, at the age of fifteen she read Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and forthwith decided that the character of Mignon was the one for her to impersonate. She accordingly climbed on to roofs and up apple trees, adopted wayward, unpredictable habits and occasionally dressed the part. (The frontispiece of the book exhibits her in full fig.)

She could not bring herself to write poetry – the tiresome business of rhymes interfered with her freedom of expression – but she made bosom friends with the poetess Guenderode. This lady was possessed of intense feelings for a married man. In an ecstasy of hopeless passion she finally stabbed herself to the heart on the banks of the Rhine by moonlight, after showing Bettina the exact spot on her breast where she intended to plunge the dagger. A year after this tragedy Bettina at last met Goethe whom she had long adored from afar: she was 22, he was 58 and heavily married. She promptly threw her arms round his neck, jumped into his lap and fell asleep – she had had a long journey to reach him. Goethe relished the enthusiasm of this elf-like creature with black curls. He said she made him feel young again; and for years the two indulged in an intimate correspondence. But Bettina had enthusiasm to spare. Her next objective was Beethoven, a crusty bachelor of 40 and already deaf as a post. She could find no one to introduce her, so she walked into his garret, put her mouth to his ear and shouted 'My name is Brentano!' Within a few minutes he was sitting at his piano singing her his own version of Mignon's song *Kennst du das Land* in a harsh, piercing voice: her charming effrontery had completely bowled him over. (By this time one wonders whether Caroline Lamb may have got wind of what was going on: her pounce on Byron came just two years later.)

At the age of 26 Bettina married von Arnim, a high-minded Prussian aristocrat and a poet as well, with whom she had been conducting a flirtatious correspondence ever since first meeting him as a girl of sixteen. Naturally, although neither family had the slightest objection to the marriage, it had to be a runaway match; von Arnim walked the streets of Berlin until he found a casual priest to unite them. In a way the couple suited each other. Von Arnim was conventional enough at heart. It was said that 'Romanticism was only a flower he wore in his buttonhole'; he could take it or leave it. With Bettina he had to take it, and he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed the experience. In the intervals of child-bearing – they had seven children – she kept up her tender links with writers and musicians. There was some coolness with Goethe, after Frau Goethe had torn off Bettina's lorgnette at a picture gallery and stamped it to pieces in revenge for some little disparagement; but it was on Goethe's side. Bettina had described the incident vividly; she told her friends she had been bitten by a mad bloodsausage, and the description of Christiane Goethe was all too apt.

When she was middle-aged and Goethe nearly eighty the two met again. 'She still talks of nightingales and twitters like a linnet,' he grumbled. Old age had soured his views. Only fifteen years before he had been inviting her to bare her bosom to the evening breeze that he might kiss it. But Bettina never lost her courage or her enthusiasm.

After Goethe's death she boldly published her letters to him and brought down a storm of obloquy on her head. She pleaded with the King of Prussia for mercy to political prisoners and managed to rescue one from Spandau gaol. 'Anyone who is oppressed is in the right with Bettina', complained her reactionary acquaintance crossly of the old lady. She died true to all her romantic convictions, with a bust of Goethe beside her. 'God seldom lets such a character walk the earth,' said her pious and devoted son-in-law; and no one who reads her brilliant letters, bursting with genuine rapture over nature and sympathy with man, will care to disagree.

Bettina's brother Clemens described his sister as a mass of contradictions: 'half witch, half angel; half cat, half dove; half Joan of Arc, half Diogenes in his tub', and so on. But his catalogue is too clever by half to explain her fascination. Romantic natures are not meant to be solemnly dissected, any more than nightingales' songs or moonbeams. Perhaps her poetical brother was bothered by her refusal to conform to his own preconceived ideas, for she never indulged in the soft silliness that brings so many idealists into disrepute. Her sensibility was on a knife-edge, but never slopped over into sentimentality. It might be said simply that she loved the beauty and hated the beast in life, and had the audacity to believe that beauty should and would eternally prevail.

About half this book consists of delightful excerpts from Bettina's writings and those of her friends. One wishes there were many more of these, for the authors' joint contribution is often sadly at sea. In the course of providing the necessary biographical information they are exasperatingly discursive. Occasionally they introduce acute and well-timed comment, but too often they are tempted to air their views on the Teutonic mentality and the road to Hitler. And what have Palmerston, *Punch*, Elinor Glyn, *Home Chat* and the Welfare State to do with their chosen subject? Moreover the index is ramshackle, and in the text it is difficult to tell where the misprints end and the mistranslations begin. Still, one must be duly grateful to them for bringing Bettina to England.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

All Whose Sins?

All My Sins. By HANS HABE. *Harrap.* 18s.

Hans Habe was the only American I met throughout the war who had a real talent for psychological warfare. It was no surprise to me, therefore, to discover that he was not a real American, but one of those Hungarian Jews (Arthur Koestler is another example) whose cultural home was Vienna and who enlivened German journalism between the wars. In 1939 he rashly volunteered for the French Army and, after being taken prisoner in 1940, escaped via Lisbon to the United States, where he at once wrote a best-seller about the French collapse and was snapped up and married (his third wife) by the step-daughter of the millionaire Ambassador Davies. After Pearl Harbour, Habe, undismayed by his French experience, volunteered for the American Army. He was trained, along with hundreds of other refugees, for subversive operations, and shipped to North Africa. When I met him in an Algiers bar, my first impression

was that he was the only man I had seen who managed to look overdressed in Service uniform; my second, that Baron von Munchhausen had at last met his match in real life. It was only during the Normandy campaign that I gradually realised that here was a man who combined the brilliance (in German) of Sefton Delmer, the blarney (with his superiors) of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart and the managerial diabolism of a junior Beaverbrook.

Habe reached the apex of his propagandist career during the Occupation. King of a newspaper empire which stretched throughout the American Zone, he became one of the most exotic and ambiguous figures of that ambiguous period – far too intelligent to accept either the American view of the Germans or the German view of the Americans. From time to time during the last decade I have caught sight of him, hovering uneasily between the United States and Germany and getting through two more marriages in the process. Now satiated with journalistic notoriety, he has settled down by an Austrian lake and written a number of novels. The fact that these have all been best-sellers has so far prevented him from achieving his life's ambition – recognition by the German critics as a *Deutscher Schriftsteller*.

When I saw that Habe's autobiography had been translated into English, I was naturally anxious to get a glimpse of it. My curiosity was sharpened by the knowledge that Thomas Mann, when he read the book in manuscript, had written; 'Yours is an astonishing book . . . I scarcely know another autobiography that is so bristling with life . . . told with a verve and brilliance which deserve admiration.' So I read *All My Sins*, and the more I read, the more puzzled I became. Without doubt this curious book is worth reading, if only for half a dozen superb episodes, including Habe's first great scoop as a journalist – the thrilling discovery that Hitler's real name was Schicklgruber – and the scene of high comedy in which Eisenhower, in 1945, instructs him in how to edit the German press. Nevertheless, *All My Sins* is a gangling, ill-constructed book, which gives the impression that the author's marriages left him little time either for other activities or for reflection. When I put it down I could not, for the life of me, understand how Mann could have written as he did of it.

Now I find that he was not writing about *All My Sins*, but about quite a different book, called *Ich Stelle Mich*, the original German text of Habe's autobiography. Having read this original, I realise that *All My Sins* bears as little relation to it as the film of *Lucky Jim* does to the novel. It is bad enough that about a fifth of the text has been omitted. What is far more serious is that the omissions have completely changed the book's character. And all this has been done without the slightest indication that this English version is not a full translation. Some months ago I had to point out that the English version of Ernst Salomon's *Fragebogen*, owing to excisions, was a travesty of the original. In the case of Habe's autobiography, the distortion is much more serious. Here, a work of art, with something of the charm of Rousseau's *Confessions*, has been transformed by wicked cutting into a sensational piece of popular self-revelation.

The process starts with the title. *All My Sins* is a gross vulgarisation of *Ich Stelle Mich*, and the charming chapter-headings of the original are brutalised in much the same way. If the book had to be cut, the only fair thing was to leave out whole chapters. Instead, those concerned have preferred to slice paragraphs, and even sentences. Wherever there is any political background, it is ruthlessly excised; wherever Habe refers to literature – an apt quotation from Heine, for instance,

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or an anecdote from Wedekind or Gerhart Hauptmann – out it goes; wherever he stops for a moment to reflect on the complex character of his father or the reasons why he marries so often, this interruption of the bald narrative is cut or omitted. Habe's father, a disreputable journalist called Bekesse, was attacked fiercely by the famous Karl Kraus. Even here the English version cannot leave well alone, and Habe's judgment of Karl Kraus is so mangled that the reader is quite unable to appreciate the sensitive objectivity with which he deals with his father's famous but malignant enemy.

One of the oddest tricks of this English version is the way it deletes the brief paragraph with which Habe often sums up an episode or chapter. The account of his first love-affair, for instance, is given intact – until the final words. The English version concludes with the lines: 'In the bathroom mirror I carefully scrutinised my face. Proudly I discovered in it the traces of manhood.' In the original, there is a characteristic pay-off line: 'Next morning, on the way to school, I sent Frau Berta, anonymously, a dozen yellow roses.' I had hoped that this kind of surgery had been employed on the first part in order that Habe's war experiences could be given in full. I was wrong. In the concluding chapters, his discussion of his ambiguous role under the Occupation and his views on re-education and Hitlerism are pruned to leave plenty of room for the more titillating passages on private life.

I am afraid I can recommend *All My Sins* only to those readers who are content to skim the pages of a rattling good story, without noticing the humdrum translationese in which it is written. Anyone who wants to appreciate the very real literary merits of Hans Habe's autobiography will still have to go to the original German.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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MacGibbon and Kee

On the Dollar Front

The World Dollar Problem. By SIR DONALD MACDOUGALL. *Macmillan.* 50s.

This is an important and a very courageous book. It is important because it deals with one of the major problems of the non-Soviet world, the relationship of the United States to the rest. It is a courageous one because Sir Donald MacDougall refuses to be borne down by the authority of traditional views and boldly reconsiders all facets of an old problem.

The rise of the United States to the unchallengeable and unchallenged leadership of the 'Western' world has posed problems which are unexampled in economic history. A single country now has a money income which is hardly less than that of the rest put together. It has an investment capacity which is probably greater. Yet economists refused to recognise this vital fact and to give up their outmoded tools which were based on the assumption that single countries are all infinitely small in relation to the world and could be regarded as being in the same sort of relation to world markets for their imports and exports as, say, a single American farmer in the nineteenth century was to the Chicago wheat market. Such is the hold of tradition on economists that such palpable nonsense is still regarded as the highest truth.

Sir Donald MacDougall patiently unravels the complicated relationships between the United States and the rest. He considers how far recessions will cause trouble in the weak areas and discusses the *simpliste* view that our difficulties are mainly due to the inveterate spending spree in the rest of the world. The vast statistical material which he has patiently assembled and thoroughly analysed leaves the reader in no doubt that the position is an unstable one, in which governments outside America in general, and the British Government in particular, would do well not to give up any weapon which might be useful to check a drain on their international gold and dollar reserves. There is no doubt that Sir Donald is decidedly against the easy-going policy of liberalisation and convertibility which has caused six exchange crises since the end of the war; which weakened the coherence of the Commonwealth and reduced the rate of economic progress in Britain far below the maximum that could be attained. He shows up for what it is worth the view that a little painless monetary and exchange manipulation, dear money and devaluation or floating exchange rates could do the trick of restoring the 'international standing' of London and the pound sterling.

It may be asked whether this terrific labour of painstaking statistical analysis, followed by interesting theoretical appendices, was really worth while to show what any one with a little commonsense ought to have known—and some actually knew—since 1941. The answer, in my opinion, is very much in the affirmative. In a political atmosphere where wild partisans are dressed up as impartial wise men, where monetary mystification, exemplified in the appointment of the Radcliffe Committee, is substituted for a frank discussion of the fundamental question of social justice in income distribution, only such painstaking statistical work, combined with systematic theoretical analysis by model building, can hope to carry anything like wide conviction. Incidentally, the author has cleared up a number of inaccuracies and rash generalisations committed by the critics—among them myself—which might in the past have weakened their fundamentally sound case.

Sir Donald is too shrewd and experienced a public figure to think that he will convince those whose reputation is bound up with the fallacies he attacks. Their growls can already be heard in the daily press and will no doubt increase in volume as they see themselves threatened. The relentless pressure of events, however, not merely on the dollar front but on the much more dangerous German mark problem, has begun to vindicate the critics of traditional economics, among whom he has now taken an eminent place.

T. BALOGH

Two Sides of Vichy

Pétain. By GLORNEY BOLTON. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

Escape from Montluc. By ANDRÉ DEVIGNY. *Dobson.* 16s.

No doubt Mr Bolton's contention that Pétain was unfairly treated is perfectly correct. But we have all known this for quite a long time, and merely to state it once again is insufficient justification for a book which lacks both original research and literary merit. Pétain was a profoundly uninteresting man, except in one respect: he illustrates the principle that it is always dangerous to entrust old men – particularly old generals – with power in moments of crisis. Vanity corrodes political judgment, and old men are notoriously vain. Pétain was one of the vainest men who ever lived. His insistence that all Vichy civil servants and officers swear a personal oath of fidelity to him was prompted by sheer vanity; it caused a great deal of trouble and much loss of life. His declaration at his trial contains only 850 words, but 60 of them are either 'I' or 'me'. Even today it cannot be read without embarrassment:

> I led France's armies to victory in 1918. . . . France will reconstruct, but she will be able to reconstruct usefully only on the foundations I have laid. . . . I represent to the world a tradition which is that of the French and Christian civilisation. . . . I made France the gift of my person. At this supreme moment my sacrifice must no longer be questioned. . . .

His only apparently humble remark, which Mr Bolton quotes, turns out to be a mistranslation.

Pétain's mistake was to forget that the French nation, collectively, is just as vain as himself. He could claim with perfect truth that in 1940 he was a much more representative figure than De Gaulle; most Frenchmen were anxious to abdicate from the responsibilities of a great power, and Pétain carried out their wish. Like Baldwin, he simply did what people wanted him to do, but unfortunately survived into an age when their mood had changed. By 1944 the French were convinced that collaboration was shameful, and in order to sustain the fiction that most of them had been actively or passively in the resistance, it was necessary to condemn Pétain. To exculpate him would logically have been to admit their own guilt; and the French are more logical than generous, or even just.

Most people, I think, would agree with this today; less generally accepted, however, is Pétain's further contention that what he did was in France's best interests. In the narrow sense I believe he was right. Yugoslavia, which chose the opposite course, ended the war with one in five of her people dead and with a Communist dictatorship to boot. Had the French people rejected De Gaulle and continued to back Pétain, France would no doubt have emerged in 1945 with a guilt

complex, but without those two fatal disadvantages—colonies and great power status. By now she would have been as prosperous and contented as Adenauer's Germany. As it was she chose neither – or rather both – and thus got the worst of all possible worlds. Today she suffers from a malignant combination of Pétainist anæmia and Gaullist gigantism; enfeebled by the clash between shame and righteousness, she must still find the wherewithal to keep up with the nuclear Joneses. No wonder that every two or three months we have a book analysing *la malaise française*.

And yet this thesis breaks down when we analyse it in human terms. It would be impossible to convince a man like André Devigny, for instance, that compromise with what he saw to be plainly evil and cruel could ever be in his country's interests. His will to resist the Germans was based simply on a moral compulsion, which he does not attempt to analyse, though he admits, in all honesty, that it was stiffened by an almost pathological appetite for danger. The story of his escape from the fortress-prison of Montluc, in Lyons, is painfully exciting; once begun, I found it virtually impossible to put down, and I finished it trembling with relief. His methods lacked the ingenuity and complexity of *The Wooden Horse*, but they possessed a further dimension: solitude. In a POW camp the corporate desire to escape is a positive force. Devigny had to fight without its support. He had not merely to plan his escape, but to conquer the lassitude and indifference of his fellow-prisoners, to clarify their confusion as to who was the enemy. At the last moment, when his preparations were complete, a young and stupid *collaborateur* was thrust into his cell; a solitary escape then became impossible, and Devigny had only three days in which to persuade the boy to come with him, or abandon the attempt altogether. The story of how he did so is a microcosm of the process whereby a handful of Gaullists converted a nation. Magnificent, if not common sense; and against it Pétainist self-interest proved impotent.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

Pnin. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
City of Spades. By COLIN MACINNES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Rockets Galore. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

A Family Party. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Pnin, *émigré* scholar teaching Russian in a provincial and rather potty American University, is serenely on his way to lecture to the Cremona Women's Club. But alas, he is on the wrong train.

He is a dear, absurd little man, the perpetual butt of amateur mimics, who would always prefer people to be happy rather than unhappy, though his own life has been a tragic mess. All nice people love him, and nasty ones fail to dislike him: but nobody even bothers to save him from the mass of trip-wires that beset his path. He is, in literal fact, frequently falling downstairs: that is the essence of Pnin.

Vladimir Nabokov writes in the tradition of Chekhov, Svevo, William Gerhardi. Some passages in *Pnin* are, in fact, startlingly like passages in those books of Gerhardi's which plucked a literary nerve thirty years ago, much in the way that Nabokov's are plucking one now. Both these men were young in Russia before the Revolution: and it seems as though that experience has endowed them with a sadness at the same time nostalgic and facetious. Nabokov's art – and this is true to some extent of the others I have just mentioned – is the art which elaborates the causes of weeping. Here are no great tragedies, unless it is a tragedy for the hero to be too small, too fat, too preposterous for tragedy: but behind every tenderness and hilarity there is a complexity of sorrow.

Nabokov is a highly 'literary' writer whose style, though it is oddly eclectic, is excellent for his purpose. It is extremely close-knit; with the result that when his narrative stretches too thin, it is possible to read one page with extreme enjoyment yet have no strong impulse to pass on to the next. Chapters from this book have appeared in the *New Yorker*, and have some of the over-compressed smartness characteristic of many *New Yorker* writers: Mr Nabokov is at his best when having a story to tell loosens him up a bit, as he loosens up in the heart-rending account of poor Pnin's party, at the end of which Pnin got the sack.

The real virtue of this book is in its sweetness. It is very funny. It creates a type-hero, in this case The Eternal Refugee, to stand with (and be much more interesting than) Oblomov – we shall all be recognising Pnins from now on. The comic style is catching, and is flattering to the reader's detective sense – here is Kafka, here is Proust, here, in the adjectives preceding proper names, is Joyce. But without the sweetness, this book would be not much more than a first-class Third Programme comic strip. As it is, a hero who is at one level absurd is simultaneously endowed with dignity and moral grace. That is a remarkable feat.

'Spades' are the Africans and West Indians

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BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION.

living in England since the war: that is their name for themselves. They call us 'Jumbles'. The real test of Mr MacInnes's novel would be, I suppose, what intelligent Spades thought about it: my guess is that they would find it fair and likeable. *City of Spades* is a perfectly straight, unaffected story about a cheerful, bounding Nigerian boy and his life and downfall in London. The lodging-houses, the clubs, the pubs, the whole perimeter-life of a coloured community, are presented by a truthful expert to the innocent eye: one cannot doubt that Mr MacInnes has become an expert, and that he is utterly intent upon telling the truth. If you are going to write this sort of book, it must be difficult not to seem condescending, to the touchy, and sentimental, to the aloof. This novel has no trace of artfulness, but much art in the presentation of the various types. Johnny Fortune may seem a little too bright and shiny, Mr Karl Marx Bo and Mr Ronson Lighter a little too comic to be true; yet the attitude of the other characters towards them gives them validity.

This is a good, clear piece of story-telling with a neat and acid ending. Would the cards have been stacked quite so hard against Johnny? Probably yes. Do we believe in Miss Pace and Mr Pew of the BBC? Well – in a Miss Pace and a Mr Pew. Are we refreshed by optimism in the thought that we have only to be kind and understanding and full of brotherhood for the problem of an increasing coloured population to sort itself out? No, we are not: and that is the strength of the book. Mr MacInnes sets out to show that understanding, in any deep and valuable sense, is pretty hard to come by, and that there are no cosy answers. He is not directing his book at Virginian Colonels, Dr Malan, or bridling landladies afraid of the contamination of the lavatory: he is directing it at those people who, having accepted the proposition that all men are created equal, have now to find out what all men are like.

Rockets Galore is about the attempt to put a rocket range upon Sir Compton Mackenzie's pet territory, Great and Little Todday in The Western Isles. Air Marshals, scientists, ministers, descend: with civil servants in their hordes. (This collective noun is now inevitable. One wonders how many people vaguely connect employees of the Board of Trade with the myriads of Attila.) A sinister scheme is afoot to persuade the British public that the people of the Toddays are full of enthusiasm. Father Macalister, who leads the fight against the project, is almost deported, like that other turbulent priest, Archbishop Makarios; but victory is won by an ingenious young man who knows how to play upon the obsessive English passion for the preservation of wildfowl.

Sir Compton describes this as a bitter farce; it isn't, really. It is too full of infectious high-spirits. Bursting with prejudice, bursting with affection, it is astonishingly untired: it reads much more like the work of an irreverent young man than of a writer who has 79 books behind him. I could wish that Sir Compton had played down his love-story, which is dewy but a bore, and had spared us some of the Gaelic. I like to pronounce names in my mind as I read, and it is a nuisance to have to turn to the key at the end to find out how to say 'Uisdean' (Gaelic for Hugh) or 'a bhobh bhobh' (exclamation of dismay). Otherwise, this seems to me one of the best of his island comedies, effective as satire within the limits of its amiable class: the only satire which is 100 per cent effective is the sort I like least, which leaves a nasty taste in the mouth for years and years.

The star-turns of *Rockets Galore* are some absurd political speeches (beautifully overheard) and a splendid television discussion between three popular, professional nature experts.

> 'Are you going to be able to show us any rare or local butterflies this evening, Claude?' Wilfred Cobbett growled amiably, leaning back at ease in his armchair and lighting up a large pipe as he asked this question.

Very nice.

I wish I could feel as happy about *A Family Party*, if only in memory of Mr John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*, which still seems to me a serious book. *A Family Party* is a long-short story of 64 widely-printed pages, and is in the form of an after-dinner speech given by a small-town business boss on the occasion of Dr Samuel G. Merritt's completion of forty years' service to the town and surrounding community. It is a histrionic performance, presenting, through the personality of a wise old jawbacon (Will Rogers type) a sacrificial life-story with a somewhat damp-squib trick ending.

Now, if you decide to write a book that shall be extremely short, simple and profound, you'd better be sure that it is profound: because being short and simple alone won't save it. There have been many short, simple and profound frauds in the history of modern literature. Mr O'Hara's story is a commonplace piece of simple, rah-rah bunkum by a very clever man who ought to know better.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

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Dearest Maud

George Moore: Letters to Lady Cunard, 1895-1933. Edited by RUPERT HART-DAVIS. *Hart-Davis. 27s. 6d.*

The telephone is sometimes blamed for depriving us of epistolary masterpieces; but it's hard to feel that this collection of letters would have suffered greatly had their contents been entrusted to the wires. Brief chatty records of luncheon engagements, planned excursions, and pleas of apology, they're all too rarely spiced with notes on music, off-the-cuff literary judgments, and glimpses of the Artist as Socialite. Their supposed interest derives from the 'grand passion' of George Moore and Lady Cunard, repeatedly evoked in rather florid professions of their author's constant but facile-sounding devotion. It was Miss Sarah Purser, a fellow-native of Ireland, who remarked: 'Some men kiss and tell; Mr Moore tells but doesn't kiss.' His surviving correspondence with Lady Cunard is almost all telling. Lady Cunard herself destroyed many hundreds of his letters, and with them, presumably, all that was of real but unpublishable interest. The 276 letters that remain breathe no breath of scandal, but seem scarcely worth the lavish care of this edition.

Mr Hart-Davis's introduction and notes fill them out with a wealth of learning and speculation, quoting various hints of autobiography from *Memoirs of My Dead Life* and *Héloise and Abélard*; and friends or students of George Moore may find that they illumine some hidden facets of his kindly, rather comic, but self-absorbed personality. To others, these glimpses of a middle-aged successful author may seem to prove what films – and real life, for that matter – accustom us to: that writers are dull people if all we see is their backs bent over their desks. A few epigrams, some fine illustrations, and the period charm of Wagnerian musical evenings – these are the gleanings of nearly forty years of tittle-tattle. Only towards the end, in fact, do the letters begin to be moving, when old age, illness, and loneliness draw closer out of the darkness that surrounds our lives. We know as we read that George Moore died in January, 1933; but still, to the end, he goes on with the busy game of living, and his elderly affection for his 'Dearest Maud' rings more and more spontaneously. At some moments, triviality itself is touching.

RICHARD MAYNE

Bethnal Green

Family and Kinship in East London. By MICHAEL YOUNG and PETER WILLMOTT. *Routledge. 25s.*

Astonishing as it may seem, this is probably not only the fullest, but virtually the only account of working-class family relationships in any country. The general reader will find it full of meat and free of jargon, and it takes us on a voyage of exploration in our own changing social world as painlessly as *Kon-tiki* or *Seven Years in Tibet*.

The authors have succeeded in discounting influential myths about the family. More striking still, they have avoided being carried away by their discovery that kinship still counts for something in Bethnal Green. It would have been easy to overdo the nostalgia, but Michael Young and Peter Willmott are fair to the new as well as the old. Bethnal Green has vintage qualities and the out-county housing estates are raw and unfinished, but enough is said about the advantages of living on these estates, especially for children, to give a balanced picture.

When Charles Booth made his survey of the East End some seventy years ago, he found that Bethnal Green had a uniquely high proportion of native residents. In 1951, a footnote tells us, the borough still 'had a higher proportion of people born in it than did almost any other'. The three-generation family continues to function actively, because grandmothers live close to their married daughters, help them with their children and are helped by them in old age. A tradition has grown up by which tenancies are either inherited or else earmarked for the succeeding generation. This is an example of a mature working-class culture with many kinship ties and a strong sense of locality.

When families move from Bethnal Green to the LCC Estate, some twenty miles away, these links are impaired but not broken. There are still many ties with the old community, but sheer distance makes contact far less frequent. Both for those who move and those who stay behind there must indeed be a loss in the fullness and extensiveness both of family relations and of that wider circle of

acquaintance which, as the authors point out, is a corollary to contact with one's relatives. In the last sentence of the book it is suggested that the authorities responsible for the necessary task of rehousing will, if they take this loss into account 'not uproot more people, but build the new houses around the social groups to which they already belong'.

One has much sympathy with this suggestion. It is not however pressed home, probably because the authors are tacitly aware that in any extreme form it is Utopian. Not all the families now living in the East End could be rehoused there even if they wanted to be, because rebuilding implies lower final densities of population, after the provision of adequate open space. Nor will it be feasible to move whole streets or kinship groups to new estates or new towns without taking the jobs of the earners into account. Employment has to be reckoned with on at least an equal footing with housing needs and family ties. The pattern of employment is bound to change: and therefore some people are bound to move. Then there are other disruptive factors—new schools, new aspirations, new methods of transport and communication—summed up in the word 'mobility' and antithetical to traditional 'stability'. These factors are surely at work in the East London boroughs as well as in the out-county estates, and will be more so as the former are more completely redeveloped.

The family as a social institution stubbornly goes its own way whatever is happening in the larger society. It is always being disrupted—by war, by industry, by slum clearance—and always re-emerging, if in a somewhat changed guise. It would seem, for example, from this excellent survey that what the rehoused working-class family needs nowadays is a car and a telephone to link it with the outside world and a television set to give a focus to the inside world. Yet I doubt if this is the moral that the authors intended to draw. Their book shows however that more trouble should be taken by housing authorities to enable the generations to live in proximity. On a more general, less administrative plane it should have a tonic effect on our perception of present-day society by making us realise what it consists of—not amorphous 'masses' of social atoms, but idiosyncratic individuals each in a family setting.

CHARLES MADGE

Russian Vista

Russia in the Making. By JOHN LAWRENCE. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

This is an admirable survey of Russian history from the Varangians to Krushchev. It is a real survey, not a textbook in disguise. Facts are included only when they illustrate broad trends of development. Many Tsars, for instance, are happily ignored. The earlier part up to the time of Troubles is the best. This contains a fresh approach and fresh ideas. Later on Mr Lawrence gives the impression of finding it hard to stay the course. There is too much slipshod writing on the pattern: 'So the next thing that happened was. . . .'

Mr Lawrence is flattering to history. He discovers the explanation for most of present Russia in the distant past. Thus he suggests that Orthodox ritual may have contributed 'to the Russian gift for spontaneous co-operation'. He traces Soviet bureaucratism back to the Princes of Muscovy. And he alleges that inhabitants of Novgorod still warm to its ancient glories—which is much like saying that they still talk in Winchester of the days when it was the capital of England. But much may be forgiven Mr Lawrence for his deep love for the Russian people and his understanding of the Russian Church. He even understands Leninism which is rare among English writers, particularly if they actually read Russian. The later chapters on the revolution and after are less interesting, though reliable. Generally as an introduction to Russian history the book is most acceptable.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Recent additions to the literature of the Dead Sea Scrolls are Yigael Yadin's *Message of the Scrolls* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.) and Millar Burrows's *What Mean These Stones?* (Thames & Hudson, 12s. 6d.). Two surveys now available are *The Year Book of World Affairs, 1957* (published by Stevens at 42s. for the London Institute of World Affairs) and *Air Dates* (Heinemann, 42s.): a list compiled by Air-Commodore L. G. S. Payne of the chief events in aviation, from 1783 (Pilatre de Rozier's ascent in a hot-air balloon) to the end of 1956. From America comes a new edition of Trotsky's *Literature and Revolution*, long out of print (published here by New Park Publications, 25s.) and a one-volume reissue of Max Eastman's translation of Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* (University of Michigan Press, $12.50).

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,438 **Set by Heliotrope**

One or two European countries have taken the initiative in providing their nationals with a code of recommended behaviour when travelling abroad. The usual prizes are offered for a set of hints (limit, 150 words) for British travellers visiting one of the following: Lesbos, Mars, Lilliput, Sybaris, Thelema, Erewhon, or Shangri-La. Entries by October 1.

Result of 1,435 **Set by Scythrop**

Joan of Arc heard voices in the church bells. The usual prizes are offered for an imaginary message in verse (limit 8 lines) from any one of the following: the division bell of the House of Commons; a fire engine's bell; the Lutine Bell at Lloyd's; a cow bell; the telephone bell.

Report

Was it not Longfellow's damsel on the schooner Hesperus who heard the sound of bells? 'Oh say, what may it be?' Judging this competition I knew just how she felt and longed for the expert advice of another American poet to sort out the various tintinnabulations in my ears. Failing such ghostly guidance, I discarded all verses to and about bells and not echoes of their voices. Next went the more complicated rhymes, for a bell's message should be brief and simple like O. Barnes's fire-bell:

> The only thing I ever say
> Is 'Get out of the bloody way!'

To Vera Telfer and Tom Haggitt 'phone bells suggested 'phone bills (indeed, the telephone generally inspired fear instead of pleasurable anticipation).

Two entries made themselves heard above the rest, and Gloria Prince (*absit omen*!) and Stanley J. Sharpless ring up two guineas apiece. A guinea to Desmond Skirrow whose verse has a strange nightmare compulsion; and half-a-guinea each to T. A. Howell, Allan M. Laing and L. G. Udall. Commended are E. K. Ward, R. A. Mackenzie, P. M. Alberick and Zilla North.

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FIRE ENGINE'S BELL

Under that glow burn
City blocks of High Holborn.

One can discern style
In the flames – it's Great Turnstile!

Where is it then?
Jingle bell! No. 10.

Here deflagrates, man,
The domain of NEW STATESMAN.

GLORIA PRINCE

TELEPHONE BELL

Brrr . . . brrr . . .
Is it a subscribrrr . . .
Brrr . . . brrr . . .
That will thrill you to the fibrrr . . . ?
Maybe it's a neighbrrr . . . Fabrrr & Fabrrr . . .
A demon barbrrr . . . Dovrrr Harbrrr . . .
An invitation to a jive or rumbrrr . . .
Or a wrong numbrrr . . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

FIRE ENGINE'S BELL

The Posy Wart women
Have fatted the fire
There's rats in their eyes
And there's flames in their thighs
They're out on the batter
The hotter the fatter
They never says die when they're baking their pies.

DESMOND SKIRROW

DIVISION BELL

Come Ayes and Noes, forget your woes
And take a decision of note.
The speeches are past, now you must cast
A definite sort of a vote.

The Tories will all say Yes
And the Socialists all say No;
But the Liberals, my particular pals, will wander to and fro;
Oh, the Liberals, my particular pals, will wa-ander to and fro.

T. A. HOWELL

Come, members, come,
Your Whips obey!
Vote and be dumb
Ten times a day.

ALLAN M. LAING

LUTINE BELL AT LLOYD'S

Many a fathom neath the main
Nevermore making home again
Somewhere slow in the slimy ooze
Settling softly a ship unloose,
Under an ocean grimly green
Sightless shiftless and unseen
Gone with Davy Jones along
Gone along, gone along.

L. G. UDALL.

City Lights

Bears Who Never Forget

The game goes on. Finland has devalued, Holland has had to borrow heavily, and Mr Gaitskell is talking about a dollar shortage. Everyone flies off this week-end for the meeting of the International Monetary Fund. The British contingent, which has to move on afterwards to a conference in Canada, is going to be a large one. But Dr Erhard will not be there: presumably he has decided that the IMF discussions can be no more than exploratory and is reserving his fire for the OEEC meeting next month, when Germany will be required to put forward hard proposals for solving the European payments problem. Any proposal he makes for ditching the European Payments Union in favour of a European Monetary Agreement will need very careful vetting.

Whatever comes or fails to come out of the IMF meeting, sterling is in trouble again. Speculation is more difficult now – the chaps simply cannot get the sterling to sell – but it has certainly been in evidence this week. What seems to be happening is that the people who sold sterling short a month ago are not closing their bear positions at once, but are keeping them open a little longer in the hope that something happens in Washington. Sir Stafford has not been forgotten.

* * *

The rolling-up of the Chancellor's umbrella seems to have let the rain in on the Dorchester Hotel. At present it belongs to a private company owned by the McAlpine family which is now, presumably, liable to surtax on its retained profits. It is proposed to sell the Ordinary shares to another company called Development Securities, a former shell which has a stock exchange quotation and which is also controlled by McAlpine interests. The transfer will leave control of the Dorchester where it was before and solve a good many headaches over surtax and death duties. In return for their shares, the owners of Dorchester Hotel will get £400,000 in cash and £1.8m of non-interest-bearing loan stock, which is convertible into interest-bearing stock and is in any case redeemable over the next twenty years: both the past and the future profits of the Dorchester are being armoured against the tax-collector. Surtax directions have been out of fashion for so long now that nobody knows how the Revenue means to operate them or what distribution of profits it will insist on as reasonable. If it is tough, Dorchester operations may become the rage.

* * *

The Massey-Harris-Ferguson bid for Standard Motor has died embarrassingly. The price of the shares which were to be offered in exchange has fallen sharply in the market, the company feels unable to improve on its original offer, and the deal is off. The first reaction of those who had opposed the bid was to cheer loudly, until it became clear that shareholders were less enthusiastic. No alternative bid is in sight, and the price of Standard shares has dropped. Even if the results (which are not due until November) show an improvement in profits, the company is extremely short of capital and badly placed to raise it: dividends may have to remain where they are.

* * *

Whenever people are discussing the value of interest-rate policy, someone is sure to bring up the inquiry made by Oxford economists in 1938, when they interviewed 37 businessmen and found them uninterested in interest. The fact that so much has been based for so long on so little is perhaps a tribute to the self-assurance of economists, but it is interesting to have the results of a more recent inquiry into the effect of the credit squeeze on small firms – 876 firms with fewer than 500 employees. The most startling point is that only 3 in 5 of these firms had had a bank overdraft during the previous five years; less than a quarter of them had been asked to reduce their overdraft during the preceding year, when the squeeze had been at its tightest. About a quarter said that the squeeze had caused them to cut down on capital investment; another quarter – with some overlapping – said it had caused them to reduce stocks. Only half of those affected by it had been affected directly (the remainder were worried about its possible impact on sales), and only a quarter of these were troubled by the actual rise in interest rates.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 410. I Want Some Test Pilots

This odd plea is caused by trusting correspondents who fondly imagine that I know the rudiments of chess and ask me awkward questions. Why is it (they want to know), that in the Ruy and after (3) . . . P-QR3 Black delays the consequent . . . P-QKt4 and . . . Kt-R4 until White, by P-QB3, has been given the chance of avoiding the exchange of the B; and why then go on with the Kt-excursion at all? This is very simply answered by the fact that Black can usefully fortify his position by . . . P-QB4 before retreating his Kt to B3; but as for the first part of the question the available answer is far from conclusive, hence my plea for test pilots. Why then does Black shy off the immediate (and seemingly consistent) (4) . . . P-QKt4; (5) B-Kt3, Kt-R4? He is afraid of (6) BxP ch, followed by KtxP ch, but no one really knows yet whether or no this dangerous attack is really sound. Suppose we could prove it to be definitely unsound it would be a fairly important discovery and it would certainly make (4) . . . P-QKt4 very fashionable for a while even though it may well be that by refraining from the sacrifice and simply playing, say (6) P-Q4, White might get a very good game anyway. The only certainty about the whole thing is the disappearance of the White KB. Test pilots to the front then! They can earn imperishable glory, to say nothing of my ½ gn. chessbook tokens, and so as to have some food for thought in whatever correspondence games may be started they had better know that both Taimanov and Spassky have bothered their grandmasterly heads about it by doing some useful, though as yet inconclusive research; in last year's USSR-Yugoslavia match Taimanov courageously tested the line against Rabar. 4 . . . P-QKt4; (5) B-Kt3, Kt-R4; (6) BxP ch, KxB; (7) KtxP ch, K-K2 (best); (8) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; [in a game Spassky-Taimanov, 1954, White tried (8) Kt-QB3 with little success]; (9) Q-B3, B-Kt2; [White's 9th may or may not be an improvement on the more usual B-Kt5. The only M.C.O. line I can find (in one of the earlier editions) gives (9) B-Kt5, Q-K1; (10) P-KB4 with alleged advantage for White]; (10) P-QKt4, Kt-B5; (11) Q-K2, KtxKt; (12) PxKt, KtxP!; (13) P-KB3, K-K1!; (14) O-O! (PxKt?), Kt-Kt4; (15) P-KB4, Kt-K5; (16) Kt-Q2, KtxKt; (17) BxKt, Q-R5; (18) QR-K1, K-Q1; (19) P-B5 (P-Kt3?), KBxP; (20) R-B4, B-B4 ch; (21) K-R1, Q-K2; (22) Q-R5, B-Q4!; (23) P-K6, P-B3; (24) R-KKt4, K-B2; (25) B-Kt5, Q-K1; (26) B-B4 ch, K-Kt3; (27) Q-R4, P-Kt3; (28) Q-Kt3, PxKP; (29) P-B4! BxBP; (30) B-K3, BxB; (31) RxB!?, K-Kt2? (KPxP!); (32) R-K4, B-Kt3; (33) RxP, B-B2; (34) Q-KB3, Q-Q2 & 5) R-Q1, Q-Kt2; (36) QxP ch, K-Kt1; (37) R-QB1 (P-B6!), R-QB1; (38) P-B6, Q-R3.

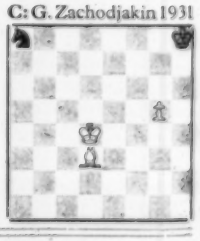
Here, under horrific time pressure, Rabar played (39) R-K7??, overlooking the mate on the move. After the simple (39) P-Kt3, Black's game would have been difficult, to put it mildly. Even so, this thrilling game proves nothing conclusive either for or against the argument. Perhaps our own valiant test pilots can help to find more definite conclusions.

A: Rabar 1951

To make us forget Rabar's atrociously hard luck, the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which (playing White), he forced the win very brilliantly. Both **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are wins for White; the former a very famous (and simple) classic, the latter not so easy and requiring some subtle tempo-play. Usual prizes. Entries by 30 September.

B: Henri Rinck

C: G. Zachodjakin 1931



REPORT on No. 406. Set 24 August.

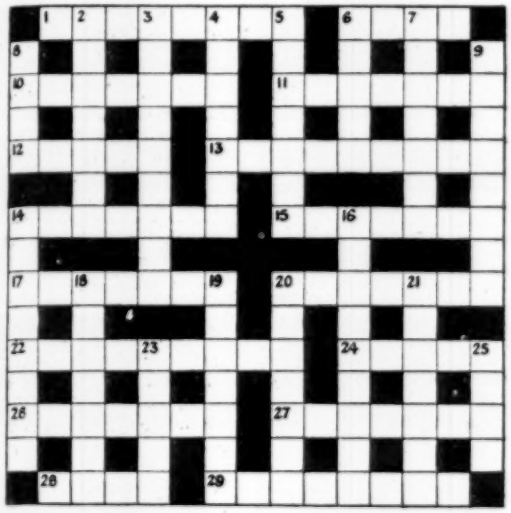
A: (1) RxRP, RxR; (2) Q-R8 ch, RxQ; (3) RxR mate.
B: (1) P-Kt5, K-K4; (2) P-Kt6, K-B3; (3) K-Kt7, B-Kt8; (4) KxP, B-R7; (5) Kt-B8, B-B2; (6) Kt-Kt6, followed by K-Kt7 and P-R6-R7 etc.
if (3) . . . B-Q5 (K6); (4) P-Kt7 etc.
C: (1) K-B2, P-R6; (2) B-B1, P-Kt6 ch (forced); (3) K-K1! (K2?) P-R7; (4) K-K2!, P – Q(R), stalemate.

In **B** a slightly alternative solution gets full marks. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, I. Avinery, W. H. L. Brooking, J. M. Reid, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 269

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 269, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 1 Oct.



ACROSS

1. King caught before the destruction of my bases (8).
6. This golfer's return would make a row (4).
10. Providers of television for a town in the south (7).
11. Biting reply in brief checked patterns (7).
12. '—— was free from rhyme's infection' (Jonson) (5).
13. The lighthouse shows the movement of the waters in front of the rock (9).
14. Seaside town as embraced by the conservative (7).
15. A violinist, I cut a Scot in retreat (7).
17. It means the reverse for a man married (7).
20. The bottom makes the couch shake (7).
22. Took too much money, the extra being centrally distributed (9).
24. Winds or staggers (5).
26. Piece of speciousness begins with a propitiatory gift (7).
27. The view is good inside the bulb (7).
28. Land which would be confused if the doctor were around (4).
29. Teams routed before the champions' colours and conquered (8).

DOWN

2. Lover who starts as a wife (7).
3. Town in which the negro is to be at stake? (9).
4. Fight with a city frugally (7).
5. Scurrilous as a drunkard caught without reforming aid (7).
6. Criteria for people without an article (5).
7. Game with a double top in it (7).
8. Excited as a biblical character (4).
9. Make enquiries about the distribution of rites; this may introduce a note (8).
14. Place of entertainment which provides a drink hot on the river (8).
16. Bring up to date a poem addressed to someone among the unsettled miners (9).
18. Drinks up after the tragedian (7).
19. The greatest team is embraced by parents (7).
20. The couch serves for a poet (7).
21. Mark as corrupt nothing on American capital (7).
23. A bowler for the people (5).
25. Celebrated climbing animals (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 267

B	A	N	N	O	C	K		M	U	M	B	L	E	D
E		A		D		I		A		A		O		R
D	I	S	T	E	M	P	E	R		C	U	R	S	E
E		A		O		L		T		M		G		S
V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	E		I	N	N	E	S
I				N		N		L		E		E		
L	I	S	P	I	N	G		S	A	L	U	T	E	D
		P		L				A		T				
W	H	I	T	L	O	W		P	A	N	D	E	R	S
O		L		T		A		L						P
R	U	L	E	R		L	A	N	D	U	D	N	O	
S		I		E		L		N		E		I		U
H	A	K	K	A		A	N	N	A	L	I	S	T	S
I		I		T		C		E		O		C		E
P	O	N	O	S	S	E		D	E	S	I	S	T	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 267

J. Nixon (Geneva), J. T. Naylor (Derby), L. A. Long (London W11)

PERSONAL

SEC., 26, off to Paris for good, sks. kindred (f.) spirit share accom. Box 5271.

KRISTIN Berge, portraitist, will paint you or your family. Enquiries: 51 Hale Lane, N.W.7. MILl Hill 2936.

GEORGIANO - Victoriano - Edwardiano-Torriano.

FRENCH tapestry and carpet weaving taught by expert teacher. HAM. 2767.

MANY people lack opportunity meet others with congenial interests. Artist attempts start social group in his studio. Art, debates, languages, bridge, chess. Box 5093.

HAMPSTEAD couple both working offer large comf. room & small wage for 2 hours housework a day & care of 2 children after school and during holidays. Box 5329.

ART Classes. If you are a beginner you will enjoy the friendly but serious atmosphere, the intensive tuition, the best models and pleasant coffee breaks, at the London Atelier of Painting, St. John's Wood. All enquiries to 1 Manchester Square, London, W.1. WELbeck 9591.

IF you would still like to speak Italian effortlessly in three months, 'phone Setogni, WEL. 7411 & 7412.

FREE accom. offered in Hampstead flat to girl (? student) in return collecting boy (4 years) from school at 4 p.m. & care of him till 5.30-6 p.m. Also some Sat. mornings & baby-sitting. HAM. 5261 after 6 p.m.

GEORGIANO - Victoriano - Edwardiano-Come to Torriano.

GRAD. 28, f., lively (Jewish), seeks kindred soul to find and/or share flat W. London. Reasonable rent. Box 5218.

CHINA celebrates—so do we. See Entertainments column for details.

PLACE required for quiet, well-mannered boy aged 20, in Gt. London, in middle-class family where he will meet suitable friends. Up to 5½ gns. per week excluding midday meal during week. Highest references available. Box 5254.

AUTUMN Holidays. Enjoy a break before the winter starts. Our suggestions include Autumn & Winter sunshine holidays in the South of Spain, Madeira, Sicily, Tangier (Party to Madrid & Southern Spain on Oct. 5), & Autumn weekend parties at Stratford-upon-Avon. Write for our weekend or Autumn Sunshine leaflets. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN 0911 or 9225.

COFFEE Bar Kensington reqs. deb.-type assistants part/full-time. Box 4952.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

JITENDRA Arya, Photographer, 157a Kensington High St., W.8. WEStern 9146.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. KNightsbridge 7323.

11+ examination. Write for free 20 page Guide and Test stating age of child to Registrar (Dept. DD10), Mercer's Correspondence College, 69 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

TORRIANO Antiques welc. New Statesmen & women on Fris. & Sats. 96 Torriano Ave., N.W.5. Off Leighton & Camden Roads.

PERSONAL—continued

RUSSIAN conversation lessons reqd. from native teacher (m.). Box 5305.

JEWISH Holyday Services. The Liberal Jewish Synagogue is holding additional High Holyday Services at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members desiring tickets should request an application form immediately from the Assistant Sec., 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. (Cun. 5181.)

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

HUNGARIAN taught by expd. teacher. Also translation. Phone HAM. 2767.

SOCIALIST intstd. in community experiments sks. others. Object: study possibility communal settlements in Engl. Box 5243.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

ARTIST wants London house. Freehold, vacant, quiet, garden, large rooms. Cash purchaser. Box 5092.

SOCIETY.—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

POETRY Week-end—Walter De La Mare: Oct. 11 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Change and Permanence in Human Affairs".

LYRICS, sketches and blood-curdling 1 act Grand Guignol plays required by Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

HOW to write and sell. Send to-day for Free Folder "What's In It For You." The Writer, 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

CONFERENCE accom. at comfortable hotel, Isle of Wight. Reasonable terms. Excellent train service fr. Waterloo. Box 5214.

PERSONAL—continued

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair", Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

MASSAGE, Manipulation, Relaxation-therapy, Nerve stimulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure on nerve therapy.

SCIENCE-RELIGION. Brilliantly reasoned entirely new (r)evolutionary view of life. 1s. 6d., post 6d. S.R., 30 City Rd., E.C.1.

FRENCH lessons by young Parisienne, moderate fees. Box 5186.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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WHETHER your stay be long or short, visit Polmark Hotel this winter. Superb food from own farm. Special diets welcomed. Despite mild sunny winters, we insist on warmth & every comfort. Bridge. Television. Club bar. Special terms for long stay. On bus route, near shops. Brochure. Harlyn Bay, Padstow, Cornwall.

VISITING London? B. & b. at modern flat nr. Euston Stn. 12s. 6d. Box 5203.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNISH Riviera (central): in lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in restful manor. Sailing. Lovely walks. Swimming. Games room. Broch. 3 Penquite Hse. Hotel, Golant, Par. Fowey 124.

THAMESIDE Beauty Spot for Autumn hols. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Oxford. Tennis, Fishing, Club Lic. A.A., R.A.C.

AUTUMN holidays for the country-lover. Good food, warmth, pleasant companionship at Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. From 8½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

DAVOS, centre of Winter sports, offers lovely holidays. Privat-Hotel Meisser, Davos-Dorf, Switzerland, in very centre of the sport places offers comf. accom., delicious food. Special reduced terms Jan. 6 to Feb. 8.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St., W.1. GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc. from our ground floor boutique.

A GOOD home is one where you'll always find plenty of that wonderful Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

A LONELY Blonde delights in Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

FRETFUL Fandangoists: nothing makes your toecaps tingle more than a few glasses of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. Out with the bottles! On with the dance! Ole!

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

STADDLES, Chute Lodge, Nr. Andover. Boys' Prep School in lovely country surroundings, modernised mansion. Excellent food. Recognised by Min. of Education.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3 (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls, 91-93 Baker Street, W.1. HUNter 0931. Founded 1901.

INDIVID. teaching in group for children retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, B.A., 12 Lambolle Rd., N.W.3. SWI. 3653.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1957; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1957. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidate taking their examinations in 1957 may be admitted provisionally. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer. Minimum £970 (women £894); Men's scale maximum £1,190. Assistant Experimental Officer. Starting pay £385 (at 18) up to £685 (women £661) at 26. Men's scale maximum £850. Women's scales are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/57. Interview Boards arranged at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

B.B.C. requires Production Assistant, Regional Television News, in Birmingham. Required to direct cameras, to coordinate production teams and maintain liaison with servicing departments, to assist in programme administration and rehearsal and in organisation of film coverage and visuals for news bulletins. Good education and capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure essential. Knowledge of Midland affairs and some relevant experience in Television or Sound studios, films or theatre desirable. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.366 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

CANTERBURY University College (University of New Zealand). Tutorship in Child Development. Applications are invited for the position of full-time Tutor for one year in the Adult Education Department. The appointment is for the purpose of developing adult education with "The Pre-School Child in the Home" as the central theme. Candidates should possess appropriate professional training and experience. The salary will be at the maximum rate for a tutor, namely £1,275 per annum. Approved return air or sea fares will be allowed for an appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications, in London and New Zealand, is Oct. 5, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Social Studies in the Faculty of Education. Salary is £A1,850/£A2,150 per annum. Applicants should hold a second University qualification which includes professional training in Social Work. They should be capable of teaching Social Casework at an advanced level. Experience in training students in a University department will be an added qualification. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 26, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for two permanent positions as lecturer in Geography, one appointment is a replacement and the other a new appointment. Duties will include work with internal and external (correspondence) students. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1200 × £A80—£A1750 plus cost of living adjustment of £A70 (males) and £A53 (females). Provision for superannuation, payment of fares and removal expenses, assistance under staff housing scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 12, 1957.

EXPERIENCED and efficient school secretary reqd. Sept. Vacancy owing to illness. Recogn. School, N.W. Lond. Box 4847.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Physical Science. Good qualifications in any branch of the physical sciences will be considered. The post offers special opportunities for experimental work both in the development of science teaching to adult groups and in the tutor's own field of research. The tutor will be expected to co-operate closely with Departments to the Faculty of Science, especially those concerned with his own field. Salary range £900-£1,650 p.a.; initial salary according to qualifications. Applications (eight copies), together with names of two referees, should be sent by September 30, 1957, to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Applications are invited for appointment as either Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Applied Mathematics. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and research experience within the range £A1,200 × £80—£A1,750 (Lecturer), or £A1,800 × £70—£A2,150 (Senior Lecturer), plus a cost of living allowance of at present £65 (males) and £53 (females). Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia & London, is Oct. 31, 1957.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for two appointments as Sectional Education Officer in the Northern and the North-Western Sections, the headquarters of which are in Newcastle upon Tyne and Manchester respectively. The Sectional Education Officer will be required to represent the Education Department in the Section and to be responsible for the development of Co-operative Education, including the Co-operative Youth Movement and Adult and Technical Education. Salary in the scale £667 × £26 5s. to £825; the commencing salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. to whom applications should be returned not later than September 30, 1957.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Social Anthropology. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275 by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is November 15, 1957.

INTERVIEWERS required for specialised social survey mid-Oct. to mid-Dec. Free to work approx. 30 hours a week in Greenwich or Bedford area. Academic training in social sciences desirable; would suit graduate wives with some, but limited, home ties. Applications, with details of qualification and experience, to Dept. of Applied Economics, 7 West Road, Cambridge, by September 30.

ASSISTANT Warden required for an experimental Home in Surrey, started six years ago by the London Police Court Mission, for thirty-five boys on probation between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years. Applicant must be single, of good education, and preferably with Social Science or Youth Leader qualifications. Salary by arrangement and in accordance with experience and qualifications. Commencing point will be not less than £530 p.a. with deduction of £116 p.a. for board and accommodation. Write with names and addresses of three referees, to the General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

HIGH Wick, Tyttenhanger, St. Albans, Herts. Child Psychotherapist (non-medical) required for three sessions per week for the treatment of psychotic and grossly maladjusted children aged 3-10 years at the above Home 20 miles from Central London. Wide experience and membership of the Association of Child Psychotherapists essential. Salary £2 per session, plus travelling expenses. Applications, stating age, qualifications, training and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for "problem families", developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social Science training and previous experience of social work desirable. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident salary scale £525/25/700; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Senior Educational Psychologist (full-time) required in Child Guidance centre at 42 Madeley Road, Ealing, W.5. Senior post and psychologist appointed will have an office in the Borough Education Office and advise the Borough Education Officer in regard to secondary transfer examination. Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training, teaching experience and previous experience as an Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary, Soulbury II £1,150—£1,400 (male), £1,075 15s.—£1,292 12s. (female) plus equal pay adjustment. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to previous experience in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by October 4 (Quote W.54 NS.). Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Dept. Full-time Psychiatric Social Workers required for child guidance work initially at (a) Ealing and (b) Hounslow Child Guidance Centres. P.T.A. quals. and salary—post (b) experience essential. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer (a) 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W.5. (b) 6 Lampton Rd., Hounslow—returnable by September 27 (quote W.57 NS.). Canvassing disqualifies.

ALMONER, Banstead Place. Pioneer unit for rehabilitation of severely disabled young people. Experienced almoner or social worker required for planning, research and welfare. 32 beds, with at least 60 admissions a year. Applications to The Secretary, Dorincourt Estates, Leatherhead Court, Surrey.

COUNTY Council of Essex, Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officers in Children's Department. Salary under review but not less than £609 17s. 6d. for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than October 2, 1957. Canvassing forbidden.

EXPERIENCED Social Workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £557 10s. x 5 increments —£742 10s. the posts are temporary in the first instance but normally lead to permanent appointment later. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/0), the County Hall, London, S.E.1 must be returned by October 4, 1957. (1739)

YOUTH Club Leader, full-time. Qualified and experienced woman required autumn for a mixed club with junior section West London. Accommodation available. Reply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2. Certificated Almoner (as assistant) required. Whitley Council scale and conditions. Applications with references or names of referees to Group Secretary.

FAMILY Service Units require Assistant Secretary, man or woman, for National Headquarters, to take charge of the administrative work of the Organisation, including finance. Knowledge of Social Work and responsible administrative experience essential. Starting salary within the range £625—£850 according to qualifications. Further particulars from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at remand home for 40 boys (junior and senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening) and leisure activities and generally assist with the running of the home. Salary will be within the range of £480-£600 a year, according to experience, less £116 for emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hertfordshire and Essex High School, Bishops Stortford. Required in January, resident Mistress to teach part-time in Grammar School (any subject, academic or non-academic) and to undertake supervision duties, under the House Mistress of the Boarding House (33 girls). Full Burnham Scale. Partics. can be obtained from Head Mistress to whom applics. should be made.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications invited for the following posts at Remand Home for 19 girls near Chelmsford. (i) Teacher or Supervisor able to teach simple handwork and to provide other organised activities for girls; (ii) Supervisor to instruct and supervise girls in domestic duties in the home. Both posts also involve general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified teacher Burnham Scale with two additional increments and payment not exceeding £180 a year for extraneous duties, less £120 board and lodging. Salary for supervisor within range £480-£600 less £116 board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

MINISTRY of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one pensionable post of Assistant Agricultural Economist in London. Duties include investigating changes in the financial conditions of the agricultural industry and analytical investigations into factors affecting agricultural output. Age at least 21 and under 28 on September 1, 1957. Age extension for service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have 1st or 2nd Class Honours degree in agricultural or economics or related subject. Pass degree or post-graduate diploma acceptable in certain circumstances. Men's salaries; £635—£1,110. Starting pay above minimum in certain cases. Women's pay slightly lower at present but being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting no. 4756/57. Completed applications should be returned by 18th October, 1957.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Training Officer to Simpsons (Piccadilly) Ltd. The successful applicant will be responsible for induction training for new entrants and the organisation of internal and external training programmes for junior and senior sales and clerical staff. Previous experience in a similar capacity and possession of a degree or social science diploma are preferable qualifications. Applications in writing will be considered from men and women between the ages of 26 and 40 and should be addressed to the Personnel Manager, 34, Jermyn St., S.W.1 giving full details of qualifications, experience and salary required.

SOMERSET Education Committee, Dillington College for Adult Education, Nr. Ilminster, Secretary (resident) to the Warden required. Salary scale £473 19s. 2d.—£594 10s. per annum (revised scale of £502—£640 per annum under consideration). A deduction of £96 per annum will be made for board and lodging. Application forms and further particulars available from the undersigned on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Rd., Taunton.

MANAGER reqd. for progressive second-hand bookshop Cent. London. Admin. exper. & knowledge of trade essential. Apply by letter, Collet's, 44 Museum St., W.C.1.

SHOWROOM Assistants (with know. music) for music publishers, W.1. 9-5.30. No Sats. £6 5s. Also thousands of other interesting posts in theatre, films, fashion, catering, travel, airlines, publicity, education, etc. Burnett Bureau Ltd., 77, Dean St., W.1.

GRANADA TV Network is starting a series of broadcasts in Welch for viewers in N. Wales and requires a Welsh speaking programme director. He should be experienced in television, have a sound knowledge of North Wales and its people. A good education and a lively interest in current affairs. Applications to the Personnel Officer, Granada TV Network, Ltd., Manchester, 3.

EXPERIENCED Editor required for the promotion of a monthly nursing journal. Appointment to be part-time with the possibility of becoming full-time. Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications, experience and salary required, to be received as soon as possible and not later than September 30, 1957. Box 5231.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

WIMBLEDON. Lady requires resident helper, cooking, help with rough. Write fully, references. Box 5220.

ORGANISER (man) with special knowledge of drama required for general community work in villages. Car driver essential. Salary scale £675-£850. Send stamp for particulars and application form to Oxfordshire Rural Community Council, Hadow House, 20 Beaumont Street, Oxford.

SOCIETY of Friends has a vacancy for a shorthand-typist in its Central office. Five day week, canteen and pension scheme. Apply Accountant, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, giving partics. age & exper.

CHRISTMAS period—Highgate, London. Temporary nanny wanted, 1-2 months' help, mother with 2 boys, 2, 5 years, during after arrival new baby in hospital. Box 5071.

DOCTOR reqs. part-time receptionist. 9.30-11 a.m. 5-6.30 p.m. (Except Wed. & Sat afternoons) S. W. 8 area. Box 5253.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

JUNIOR assistant for antiquarian bookshop. Oriental, Scholarly. Box 5224.

WANTED: person to be in charge of holiday and weekend home in Chilterns connected with London Day School. Candidates attracted by this educational project invited to apply, weekend or full-time post. Box 4567.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist reqd. for small but busy trade union office. Must have initiative and be prepared to accept responsibility. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Salary £10-£11 per week. Write giving full details of age, experience (incl. any T.U. exp.) and past employers to Box 5148.

SECRETARY/Book-keeper reqd. at Unity Theatre. Book-keeping to Trial balance & good typing essen., shorthand an advantage. Job of unusual interest for man or woman of ability. The salary is not as large as it should be. Please apply Gen. Man., 1, Goldington Street, N.W.1. EUS. 5391.

MEDICAL consultant W.1 reqs. secretary. Pref. previous medical exper. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

PRIVATE Secretary cum right hand to Director of Public Relations company (Mayfair) now being formed. Enthusiasm and hard work are major essentials for interesting and varied job. Please send details of education and career to date to: Box 5281.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details. Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

A TEMPORARY job that is right up your street may be yours for the asking. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOLICITOR, 50, Honours, Graduate, having recently relinquished senior partnership in busy Provincial practice, sks. interesting pt.-time literary work. Box 5207.

RESPONSIBLE post/interesting work reqd. by man with accountancy quals. Many years business exp. Full or p/time. Box 5180.

PHOTOGRAPHER (24) seeks work illustrating books. Any intg. assignments welcomed. Willing to travel. Own car. Box 5175.

MALE, 35, poet, writer, constrained by commerce, seeks creative outlet films, journalism, similar. Much travelled, energetic, sincere. Box 5135.

FUGITIVE from commerce. Arts graduate (F.31) is looking for a job in which an overriding interest in the arts might be useful. Plenty of experience in handling people. Knowledge of office procedure (alas), typing. Any offers? If not, must settle down to earning her pension. Box 5121.

CARETAKER, sngl. woman, wants position in furn. flatlet-house. Refs. Box 5270.

FIRST-rate teacher long exp. all secretarial subjects avail. Jan. Box 5062.

ITALY. Opportunity to learn Italian desired by Englishman aged 38, Grammar School/Training College education. World travelled; any legal employment preferably northern Italy. Please write Box 5129.

URGENT. Master mariner (29), school-teacher wife, seeks post of interest and responsibility. Any suggestions? Box 5150.

VERBATIM Shorthand Writers, Duplicating, Typing, Translating. Mabel Eyles Duplicating & Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

FED up with teaching, presentable woman (29), perfect English, German, mod. Hebrew; used to responsibility; learning shorth./typ., interested psychology, sociology, science, welcomes offers. Willing travel. Anything reas. considered. Box 5079.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ENTRUST it to the Experts—you can rely on our reputation. Specialist typists for MSS, theses, plays, scripts, etc. Work carefully checked for accuracy and correct presentation. 100,000 words in 7 days (also a priority service for urgent work). Short stories next day. Duplicating, translations, indexing, research, tapes transcribed. Overnight and week-end service. Secretaries for authors. Literary and typewriting enquiries to Colonel Seed for immediate and personal attention. Chippendale and Partners, Central Office at 40 Poland St., W.1. GER. 2835-6.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn.).

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd., 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing of reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4, Victoria Street, S.W.1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

AVRIL Noble, 27 Craven St., W.C.2. TRA. 5406. Duplictng., typing, addrsng.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MARIA MONTESSORI TRAINING ORGANISATION,

1 Park Crescent, London, W.1. MUSeum 7425.

AUTUMN COURSES:

(a) An ADVANCED Montessori International Diploma Course. Children 6-12 years. October 15th, 1957, to July, 1958. Lectures three evenings per week.

(b) Montessori International Diploma Course. Children 0-6 plus years. Lectures SATURDAYS October 19th, 1957, to July, 1958.

Further details from the Organiser.

TRAINING FOR YOUTH AND JUNIOR GROUP LEADERS

The London Co-operative Society invites applications from persons aged 17 years and over for enrolment in a six months' part-time training course for which no fees will be charged.

Applicants should be resident in the London Co-operative Society area and should preferably be members of the London Co-operative Society, of a Trade Unions Organisation or of the Labour Party.

Further particulars and application forms from The Education Secretary (R.W.), London Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Department, 13 Soho Square, London, W.1.

GERMAN INSTITUTE

Deutsches Kultur Institut, 51 Princes Gate, S.W.7, opp. Imperial Coll. of Science & Technology. GERMAN LANGUAGE COURSES: afternoon & evening classes. Elem., intermed., advanced. Special courses: translation, essay writing, conversation & discussion. Beginning Oct. 14. Enrolment Sept. 30-Oct 1, from 4-7 p.m.

Prospectus: apply to Secretary.

FRENCH. Full-time day Courses for G.C.E. London and Oxford starting in September. Evening Conversation Courses for beginners and Discussion Groups for advanced students. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 2044.

PORTUGUESE/Spanish evening classes in London. From Sept. 30. Details: Education Dept., Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1 SLO. 7186.

DID you learn French at school—and still can't speak it? Our Direct Method will help you. Also German, Spanish and Italian. St. Giles' School, 147 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GER. 1460.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private Tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Leshetizky Method—Tanya Polunin, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

FIRST-class piano teacher accepts beginner & advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

DANCE, drama, art classes for children; creative movement for adults. Lilian Harmel 37 Fernecroft Av. N.W.3. HAM. 0213.

MODERN Tutorial College. Dept. of Commerce; one-year and two-year courses in preparation for M.T.C. Diploma in Commerce and Advanced Examinations of Royal Society of Arts and London Chamber of Commerce. Also English for Foreigners. For parts. & reservation of places, apply Sec., M.T.C., 195 Wardour St., W.1. GER. 3620.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 9831. New Course October 1, 1957.

ENGLISH & Foreign Languages, Shorthand & Commercial English. Regent School of Languages, 160 New Bond Street, W.1. HYDe Park 2258.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. atranged.

LECTURES COURSES, ETC.—continued

ITALIAN, Germ., French. Willing visit schools, coach backw. students, prep. for exams. up to Univ. entr. Convers. lessons. Chanda, 4c Holford Rd. N.W.3. HAM 7322.

ATTINGHAM Park, The Shropshire Adult College. Residential week-end courses including: Oct. 11-13: Hardy's "The Dynasts." Oct. 18-20: Mozart's Symphony No. 40. Oct. 25-27: 17th Century Dutch Painting. Autumn Programme from The Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue, Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. New term begins Sunday, September 22, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens September 23. Evening lectures and classes for men and women: economics, statistics, current affairs, archæology, history of London, English language and literature, philosophy, psychology, comparative religion, science (inc. photography & microscopy), music (choirs, orchestras, individual tuition, theory, appreciation, etc.), foreign languages, physical training, fencing, ballet & folk dancing, chess. Theatre school. Social and athletic clubs, library, sports ground, canteen. Fees from 21s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary. (WAT. 6872).

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St., W.1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Effective Speaking Course. Tutorial Courses for all Examinations. Personal attention—remarkable results.

RUSSIAN Evening classes begin last week Sept., also German, Spanish & Italian for G.C.E. & French for Cert. of Proficiency. Dept. of Commerce & Management Studies, Woolwich Polytechnic, S.E.18. WOO. 2856.

VOICE production opera singer can accept few pupils. Box 5171.

ITALIAN Lessons. P. Sequenza, 14 Sevington St., W.9. CUN. 4645.

FABIAN Colonial Bureau Weekend School—Economic and Social Aid. Barbara Castle, Lionel Elvin. Dorking, October 25-27. Details 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

RUSSIAN language classes. Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced. Enrol Mon., Sept. 30, from 7 p.m. at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Course of 10 lessons 30s. (S.C.R. members 20s.)

DAVIES'S Training course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners., October 14 to December 4. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

WINTER SPORTS

The advance information on our Winter Sports Party & Individual Arrangements by Rail and Air (Ski-Air Charter or Regular Services) is available now. Costs from 26½ gns. by rail or 34 gns. by air. Young People's Hostel Parties from £22 17s 6d. Write for full details

ERNA LOW

47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911 or 9225.

BON Viveur Late Season Holidays with the accent on good living. Paris-Brussels, Portugal-Spain, Italy, Sicily, etc. 1 Knightsbridge Station Arcade (Underground Harrods end), S.W.3. KNI. 9788.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

MEWS flat nr. Marble Arch. Suit bus. man. PADdington 0504.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

HIGHGATE, 2 b/sits. B. & eve. snack. 3½ and 2½ gns. Prof. fam. MOU. 9365.

ATTRAC. furn. room. N. Lond. Use tel., linen, bath, etc. Ckng. facs. STA. 5085.

COMF. furn. doub'e bed-sit., also basement front room, for married couple. Use bathrm. and kitchen. Tel. PAD. 8140.

FURN. flat to let, S.W.1. 2 lge. rms., k. & b. Low rent to careful tenants, or wd. exch. above unfurn. for any unfurn. acc. for 1 lady. Conven. for Strand. Box 5174.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

HIGHGATE Wood. Beaut. div. rms. £2 15s dble. £2 5s. sgl. Well-kept hse. TUD. 8207.

SEPT. & Oct. holiday in lovely cottage on Cumberland fells. Mon. cons. Box 5339.

LARGE bed-sitter, use kit. & bath in prof. woman's flat. W.9. CUN. 3531.

3 MINS. Bounds Green. Bed/sit. Own lobby, sink, gas. 35s. BUS. 1911.

YOU don't get much of a furnished flat for 6 gns. a week, but for that amount the right person can share a truly magnificent flat with all the space you could wish for. Service, gas, elect., linen, 'phone, piano, porter, lift, etc., all incl. The right person will most likely be a not-too-gregarious male, moderately sober and considerate. Box 5189.

FURN. room with bath in Venice offered anytime of year for 2/3 months in exchange furn. room London for 2 months from Oct. 20. Miss Minio, Mira-Venice.

FROM Sept. 15. Haut de Cagnes-s-Mer, A.M. S/c. rm. k/b. Suit artist Box 5345.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

GRAD. teacher, with piano, reqs. furn. accommodation, W. London. Box 5201.

POSTGRADUATE (m.), Univ. staff, reqs. comf. accom., easy acc. S. Ken. end Sept. B/S. with sep. ckng. facs. or meals. Box 5134.

UNFURNISHED flat or rms. with cooking facilities wanted, London area. Good light essential. Box 5197.

STUDENT (21) seeks accommodation, willing to babysit. Refs. Box 5282.

YOUNG schoolmistress and nephew req. unfurn. flat, Hampstead area. Box 5293.

LIBRARIAN sks. immed. part-furn./unfurn. accom., 1-2 rms., use kit., bath, phone. Sth., West. Central London. Box 5190.

SMALL furnished flat required London, October 5, one month. Whittington, Bredon Court Hotel, Newquay, Cornwall.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BY DIRECTION OF THE RT. HON. LORD METHUEN. WITH VACANT POSSESSION (SUBJECT TO COTTAGE TENANCIES)

WILTSHIRE

In the Celebrated Avon Vale

Sale of the

Renowned Dairy or Grazing Farm

"HALFWAY FARM", MELKSHAM

105½ acres

Cotswold Style Farm Residence of Character

providing 2 Recep. Rooms, Kitchen with "Aga", 5 Bedrooms, Bathroom, Main Elec. & Water, Ample Farm Buildings with tyings for 59 cows, 5 Bay Dutch Hay Barn and other useful shedding; 4 excellent Cottages; Highly Fertile Level Pasture Lands abutting the River Avon, the whole compact and well watered, which

THOMPSON, NOAD & PHIPP

are favoured with instructions to submit for sale by Auction (unless previously sold) at The Angel Hotel, Chippenham, on Friday, 11th October 1957 at 3 p.m.

Detailed Particulars with Plan and Conditions of Sale may be obtained of The Land Agent, A. W. Turner, Esq., 15, St. Mary Street, Chippenham (Tel. 2124), The Vendors Solicitors, Messrs. Dawson & Co., 2, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2 (Tel. Holborn 9741) or of the Auctioneers, "Clare House", 35, Market Place, Melksham, (Tel. 2336) and at Chippenham, Wilts.

BUCKS Chilterns, lately the home of a well-known artist and writer. Ideal for similar person seeking pleasant seclusion. Inviting country property comprising a whitened bungalow (2 beds, etc.) and in addition a charming entertaining room and a large studio. 2 acres. Main services. Pleasant village nearby. 2 miles station. London just over hour. £4,500. Full particulars of Hamnett, Raffety & Co., Chartered Surveyors, Princes Risborough (tel. 744/5).

FREEHOLD. Facing due South, this enchanting 17th Cent. Cottage is situated on the Berkshire hills within easy reach of Reading and Newbury. Accommodation consists of 3 bed, 1 large rec., kitchen, larder, bathroom, w.c. and plenty of fitted cupboards. Mains electricity and water. Good heating. Glorious garden of approx. ¾ acre provides wealth of flowers, shrubs, blossoming trees, lawns, ample veg. plot & garage. Price £3,750 or near offer. Box 5095.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

SMALL office to let W.6 area. 40s. p.w. inc. lighting, htg., unf. Suit Lab. M.P. or as T.U. dist. office, &c. Box 5235.

SUNNY South Coast. To let for winter mths. comf. furn. cottage, 2 bedrms. (3 beds), sit.-rm., kit. & bath. One min. to sea, shops & bus. Gas fires in all rms., everything for use ex. linen. 25s. p.w. Box 5215.

LUNE Valley. Unfurn. cottage, 3 bedrooms. All mod. Exc. fishing. Box 5198.

RETIRED skipper and daughter urgently seek inexpensive freehold cottage, Richmond/Ham/Petersham. Box 5308.